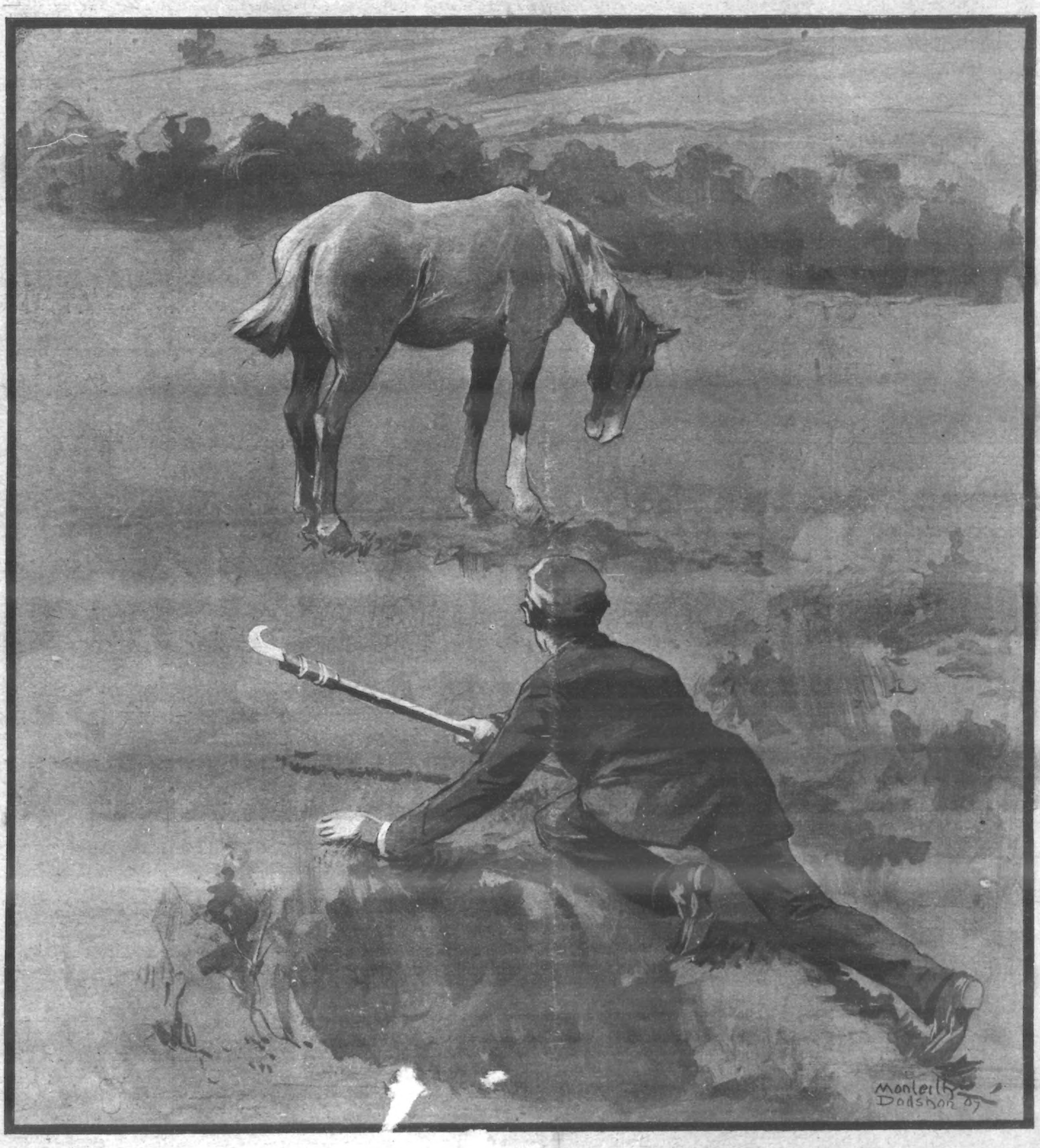
No. 2415.—Vol. 94. SEPTEMBER 7, 1907.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.



THE HORSE-MAIMING OUTRAGES.

Great mystery still surrounds the terrible injuries inflicted upon horses at Great Wyrley and Walsall. It has been suggested that they may have been caused by accident, but this is, on the face of ... wholly improbable. In two instances, at least, the wounds must have been inflicted by means of a sharp knife, drawn, with an upward pull, across the horses' abdomens. It, therefore, appears likely that the knife was of the kind used by linoleum-layers—a short hooked blade, very sharp at the point, fitted to a stout wooden haft. Wounds caused in this manner must have produced a copious and sudden flow of blood, which no man using a knife with a short handle could have avoided. It is also curious that horses, always nervous when at large, should have permitted him to draw close enough to inflict the wound. "P.I.P." puts forward the suggestion that the knife (as illustrated in our drawing) was used attached to a stick. A quick blow up... would be sufficient, when executed by a powerful man, to inflict the wound. The knife might then have been detached and ... stream, and the stick used as an ordinary walking-stick.

It Is Free To All

YOU OUGHT TO READ THIS BOOK ON HEALTH.

If you do not feel as you ought to; if you are tired and weary—fagged out—you ought to read this book, which tells you of the cause of such conditions, and how they can be prevented. You should not go around dragging one foot after the other like an old man of eighty. Get some vim and vigour, some strength and vitality.

It does not cost you a penny to obtain this book. It is sent in a plain envelope, sealed, upon request. It tells many things which you ought to know. You will feel better for reading it. Don't delay, but write for it at once.

The holiday season is now upon us, and those who are in robust health are obtaining its full enjoyments. Are you fit to enjoy your holiday, let alone the work you are leaving? That's what you should consider. If you are not, there is something wrong, and it needs to be put right. Unless you do that, it may be the forerunner of other complications.

It is these little things which sooner or later result in the nervous breakdown. The wear and tear upon the system must be replenished. If not, Indigestion and Constipation, Backache, Rheumatism, and various other weaknesses gain the upper hand. Look out for them. Many a chronic sufferer could be enjoying perfect health to-day if he had but heeded Nature's warnings.

What should be done? A very simple remedy indeed. Find out the cause of the trouble. It is simply wasted vitality. Restore that, and you will feel as fit as you ever did in your life. That force which you lack is electricity, nerve energy. There is a very simple means of infusing this into your body, and the free book tells all about it.

A Dry-Cell Body Battery, for giving new life and strength to worn-out bodies, is an ideal treatment. It is curing hundreds. Undoubtedly some of your friends and neighbours have been cured by it, and their names will be sent with the book. Write to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. If near enough to the office, please call and get a free test.

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Will make you bright, strong, and healthy; it tones and invigorates every organ of digestion, cleanses your blood of all impurities and gives new life to your entire system. It

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should We Play Sunday Games?

AGAINST.

DO not let us deny the fact that the wily leaders of the movement in favour of Brighter Sundays for Britons possess inducements which have proved successful in the past. Let us acknowledge that they will prove still more successful in the future if English men and women do not openly admit the common secret—that the very foundation of the Seventh Day is threatened by this so-called brightening process.

The question to decide for those who profess religious convictions is whether they really wish to preserve the sacred character of the Day of Rest or to establish a weekly Bank Holiday. The two states cannot exist together. Either Sunday must be kept according to the teachings of the Church, or we must see every principle to which we once adhered slowly dwindle before the selfish onrush of the pleasure-seeker.

In almost every denomination there has of late years been a falling-off in church attendance. It is of no not the slightest use shirking a fact like this, or blaming the bicycle. The truth of the matter is that people are being tempted from the door of churches by superior attractions. The weaker half of humanity is not proof against the allurements which appeal to its stronger instinct for pleasure. Place a church in one field, a band in another, and see which gate will be pulled down first. Open the cricket-fields on Sunday mornings and stand at the church-door to watch the men flocking by in flannels. "What's the harm in a game of cricket?" plead the Brighter Sunday party; to which we answer, "Why has the law found it advisable to close the public-house doors during the hours of worship?" Not in the cause of temperance—that is cant; it is to remove the possibility that the prospect of a "pipe and glass" may present itself as more restful than a church and sermon. The Brighter Sunday movement and the request for Sunday games are to be condemned first of all on account of their opposition to the regular attendance of church services, but there are almost equally serious objections to any further steps in removing the characteristics of the English Sunday.

Already the Sabbath may be said to be

THE DAY OF UNREST.

People who have followed the routine of life quietly during six days in the week are now seized by an uncontrollable desire to break away from a normal existence on the seventh. Almost everyone feels impelled to "go somewhere" or "do something"; an excitement of sorts, no matter how small, must be worked up in order to make God's day "enjoyable." The hubbub of it affects the towns, and consequently the countryside is invaded by throngs of restless excursionists. Only in the remotest parts of the land is Sunday undisturbed by the clamour of the Sabbath-breaker; but even these spots, where sweet peace, reverent worship, and perfect repose of body and mind are still to be found, are threatened by the agitation which will bring out the boisterous players of games to fill the air with shouts and laughter, and further to tax the freedom of those who are compelled to work on the Seventh Day.

Nothing will accord better with the views of the loafer and the wastrel than the prospect of other men affording them gratuitous Sunday recreation, and the difficulty of the church-workers of all sects must be immensely increased if, in addition to their present tasks, is added that of calling the youth of England out of the playing-fields to attend to their duty as God-fearing mortals. The upper classes have already carelessly set a regrettable example in tolerating Sunday golf. Throughout the country this indulgence has awakened a spirit of discontent among the devotees of other games and sports. If the golfer, why not the cricketer, the footballer, the hockey-player, the player of bowls, and the thrower of quoits? The Sunday golfer has shown us many of the evils of Sunday games. He has proved to us that such pastimes could not be generally introduced without

A WIDE DESERTION OF PLACES OF WORSHIP,

an increase in catering for the personal wants of players, while bringing means of Sunday communication by road and rail into greater demand than at present.

We still like to regard the Seventh Day as that upon which families are united; but if we are going to open the way to Sunday game-playing we must be prepared to see the home disunited, instead of peaceably assembled. Husbands will leave their wives, sons and daughters their parents, in order to rush off for the allurements of Sunday sport. Children who see their elders absorbed in anything but observing the Sabbath will revolt and fly to the toy-cupboard; for it is logically impossible to sanction Sunday games for the adult and refuse the same liberty—if it can be so regarded—to the young, whose powers of determining right from wrong are less, and whose religious education would be marred by the overthrowing of the great principle upon which the lives of Christians stand.

FOR.

We English are a moral nation. Even foreigners have been known to admit the fact, if they question its value. Why the Englishman should be more highly gifted in this direction none of us are fully informed, but we place the mentally healthy tone of the average Briton at the door of athleticism and a love of field sports.

It is a fairly well-established fact that criminals do not play the game in any one direction, while those who have been heroes at the Oval could not be named off-hand. The tendency, let us say, then, of games is to inculcate clean thoughts, and to keep those who take part in them out of mischief. That, after all, is not an extravagant claim for sports, yet it is one which will incline a great number of people to conclude that there are worse ways of spending an hour or two of each Sunday than bat in hand.

For the majority the Seventh Day is the day of idleness; and does not Satan still find some mischief for idle hands to do? Even the casual looker-on sees most of the game, and the game which the greater number of youths play on the Sabbath might well be replaced by cricket. Take a town, a village, an open space anywhere, and watch how the Sunday holiday-makers employ their time; watch, rather, the resorts of idleness. It is not an improving spectacle. One cannot help thinking that there must be a better escape for high spirits than a mere output of noise, or that the effects of the Sunday dinner might be overcome in some worthier manner than occurs to a sleepy dog. The British Sunday is a fine thing, but it leaves

TOO MANY INTERVALS FOR DOZING.

Yet we do not want to see it "Continentalised"; we do not want Sunday theatres, Sunday music-halls, Sunday horse-racing, Sunday dancing, or Sunday singing (out of church), although we are obliged to endure it. In short, we do not want all-the-fun-of-the-fair seven days in the week; but orderly games might prove a boon on the seventh.

At the same time, we may be open to conviction that there is some other way of reclaiming the Sunday loafer who is an excellent and active fellow during the rest of the week. Only we do not think that anyone possesses a happy idea that is not distasteful to the broad mind, or calls for an expenditure of energy which amounts to something like hard work. Games seem to present themselves as the most innocent means of blamelessly passing those hours which are granted us as the recompense for our weekday exertions. It is true that this conviction is only just dawning on the Britisher, and that those who play Sunday games are more or less bold pioneers who are taking the risk of their adventurous disposition. It is certainly an established fact that

CHURCH-GOING AND GAME-PLAYING ARE NOT INCOMPATIBLE.

There are, among the ranks of lawn-tennis players, billiard-players, and golfers, men and women who are staunch Christians and regular attendants at places of worship. They are increasing in number, too. To deny that such men and women have divided up their Sabbath better than those who rush all over the country by train, motor, or bicycle, would be to declare a bigoted prejudice. Indeed, to those who are anxious to see quieter and more truly restful Sundays in this country, the prospect of popularising Sunday games ought to make a strong appeal. If what is wanted is the localising of the population on Sunday, recognised games offer a solution of the question. People roam away from their homes because it is only by leaving them that they can escape from the deadening influence of the average British Sunday; and if by offering boys and men a chance of relaxation in the immediate neighbourhood of their homes they can be prevented from going farther afield than the cricket-ground, we are nearer a picture of the home Sunday than is the case at present. Take, for instance, the case of the working man who, after a hard week's work, finds his Sunday divided into a shave, a church, a dinner, and—the rest may be filled in. Perhaps he sleeps—at least, this is not out of the reckoning—or he may read a paper, take a walk, or wait for the nearest public-house to open. The appearance of Sunday public-houses hints that the latter means of meeting a difficulty has been rather unanimously hit upon. Now it comes to this: do we prefer the Sunday pub. to the Sunday game of cricket? We are beginning to know that there are two sides to every question, but we do not want to see the British workman plump for the pub. as a Sunday game.

Reasonably worked-out, the idea of Sunday games must eventually be taken up in a practical manner. But it must exclude professionalism, gate-money, and, so far as is humanly possible, any chance of it offering a medium for the gambler to indulge his vice. Let those who oppose the idea of playing Sunday games on principle reflect that their practice might prove a means of reforming many of the pursuits for whiling away the Seventh Day which in reality lead to its desecration.

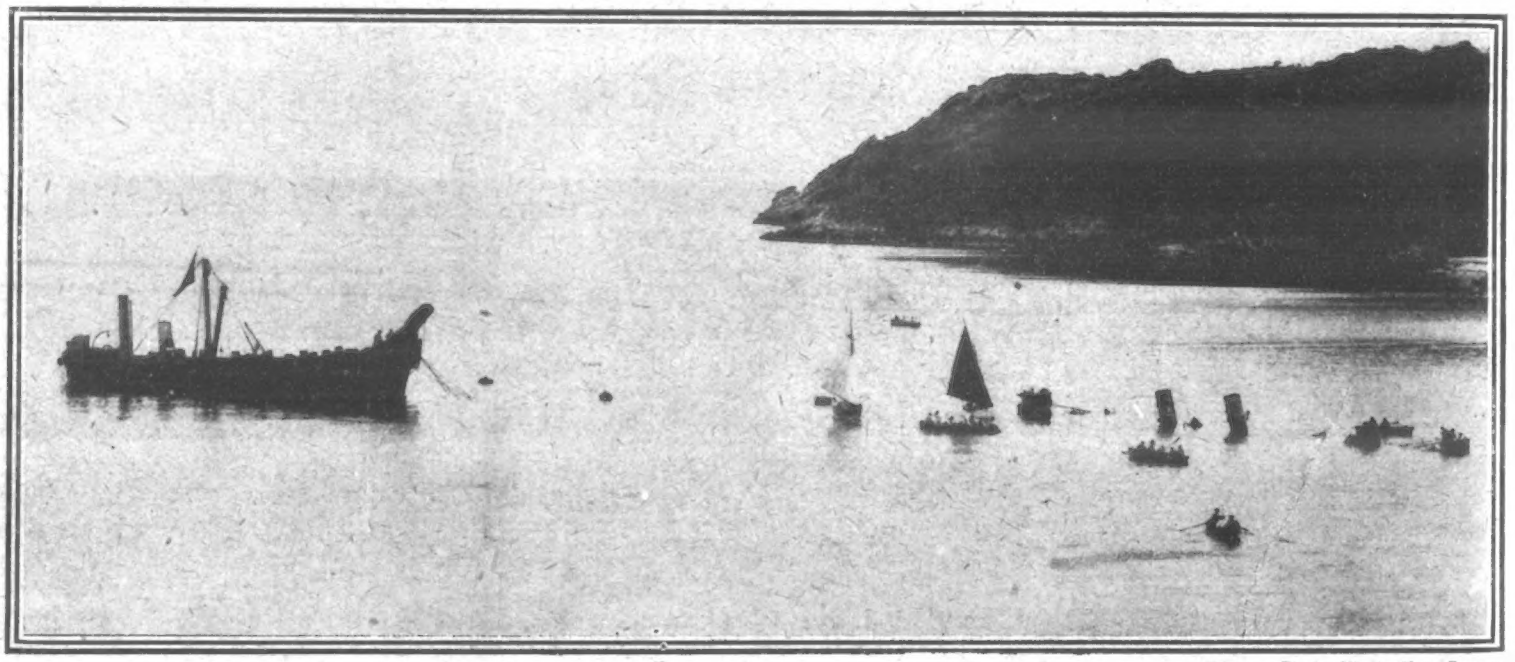


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE SALVING OF TORPEDO BOAT No. 99.

After months of hard work a notable salving feat has been accomplished, and Torpedo-boat No. 99 is now beached in Elbury Cove, Torbay.

ENGLISH DOCKERS STONED BY ANGRY CROWDS IN ANTWERP.

REVOLVERS USED.

THE Antwerp dock strike has reached a very critical stage, and the position of the foreign workmen who have been imported from England and elsewhere is becoming exceedingly dangerous. The decision of the Strike Committee to extend the strike to the men handling the coal and other mineral traffic at the docks was acted on, and many exciting scenes occurred throughout Monday. The English strike-breakers were stoned by large crowds of infuriated strikers, against whom the police were powerless. In some cases revolver-shots were fired. So far as can be ascertained no one was very seriously injured, but a considerable amount of property was destroyed.

THE GREAT WYRLEY AND WALSALL HORSE-MAIMING OUTRAGES.

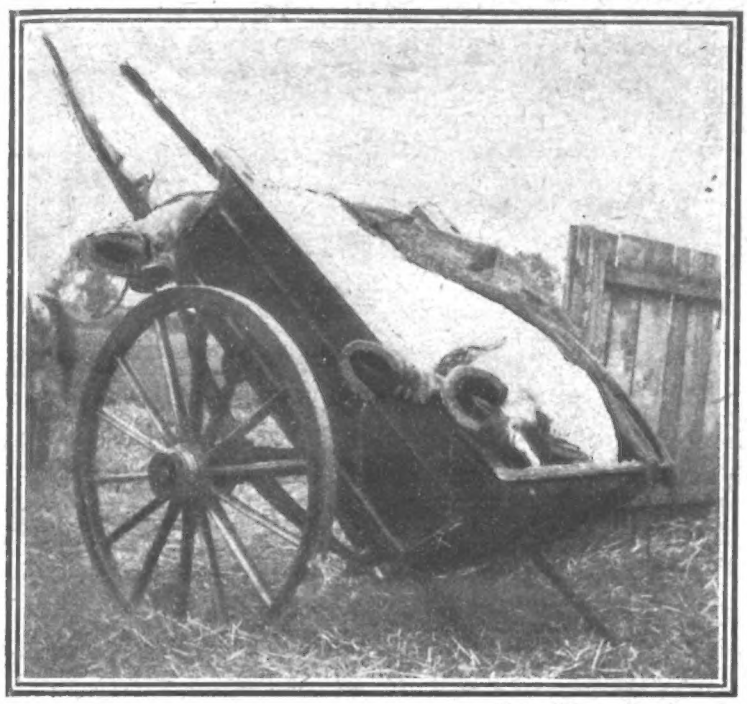


Photo. View and Portrait Co.

A VICTIM OF THE WYRLEY MAIMING OUTRAGE.

This is the horse actually found dead with a terrible wound in the abdomen. Another horse had to be killed owing to its injuries.

£200 REWARD.

The Police at Work.

CAN IT BE ACCIDENT?

Staffordshire Farmers Alarmed.

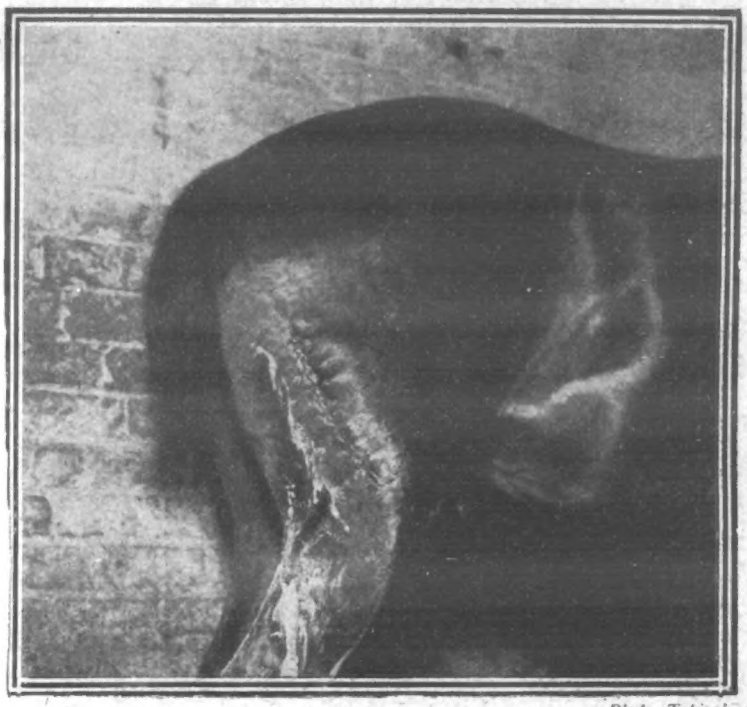


Photo. Topical.

THE HORSE MAIMED AT WALSALL

Our photograph plainly shows the clean cut across the buttock, and the stitches put into it.

THE Staffordshire police are on their mettle, for horses have been injured in a manner that points plainly to deliberate intent, to actions which can only be attributed to the crooked workings of a diseased mind. Every available detective is at work, and it is both hoped and believed that their untiring efforts will meet with ultimate reward. A great outcry has been raised that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the gifted author of the "Sherlock Holmes" detective stories, should be called in to assist. Yet, with all due respect to Sir Arthur, it must be remembered that it is an easier matter to detect a crime when you have invented it in fiction than to do so when it is a matter of real life and criminals.

THE STORY OF THE OUTRAGES.

Last week two horses were found mutilated at Great Wyrley. One had bled to death, and the other was so terribly injured that it had to be destroyed. On Saturday another horse was found mutilated in the same district, and the police and veterinary surgeon are convinced that the wounds were maliciously caused, notwithstanding a statement by two men that while crossing the field they saw a horse kick another.

A reward of £200 has been offered by the police for information which shall lead to the detection of the perpetrators of the outrages. On Sunday crowds visited the scene of the latest outrage in search of possible clues.

On Monday a wounded mare was found on Mr. Gaunt's farm, Mellish Road, Walsall, in the same field in which the wounded horse was discovered on Saturday. The animal had a deep triangular wound, about the size of a man's head, on its hip, almost in the same place as that in which the other horse was cut.

This injury happened despite the fact that every animal in the field was examined at seven o'clock by a detective-sergeant, who reported everything all right.

In this case the police and a veterinary surgeon who examined the animal incline to the belief that the injury is the result of a kick from another horse in the field.

The owner, Mr. Gaunt, however, cannot reconcile himself to this view, and points out that there never was any accident to horses in the field prior to last Saturday. One point that is quoted against the theory that this horse-wounding at Walsall was an accident is the depth of the wound. It is so deep that the veterinary surgeon was able to insert his fingers into it, and it is suggested that such a wound would hardly result from the kick of another horse.

On Sunday evening the church at Wyrley, of which the Rev. S. Edalji (whose son was convicted of similar outrages committed some years ago, but afterwards liberated) is vicar, was crowded with a congregation, many members of which came from as far afield as Birmingham and Stafford. The references in the vicar's sermon to the recent mutilations were very sympathetically received.

Photo. World's Graphic Press.

WHERE TRACES OF BLOOD WERE FOUND.

The police and detectives at work examining the surroundings of the actual spot where the outrage at Wyrley occurred. This is typical of the extreme care that is being used to find any clue that may assist in the search for the culprit. Traces of blood were found in this cornfield.

ANONYMOUS POST-CARDS.

Two more post-cards bearing on the Great Wyrley maiming mystery were received on Monday morning.

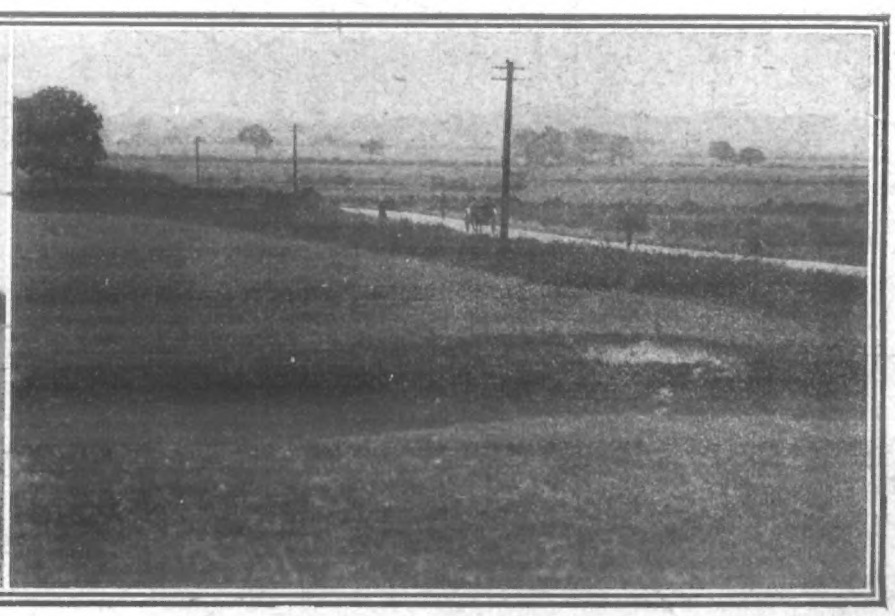
The most significant was one threatening the Rev. S. Edalji, the father of Mr. George Edalji. It was written in Walsall immediately after the outrage at Rushall, near by, and bears the Wolverhampton postmark of Sunday night.

On the card is the message: "Sir—We are sorry we could not catch the old donkey, or it would be his time. You get indoors at night, or you will know all about it."

The initials "A. L.," which follow, are the same as those on the post-card which was sent to the Rev. S. Edalji from Margate just before the crime referred to. On the back of the mysterious card is a coloured view of Colmore Row, Birmingham; which is close to the spot where Mr. George Edalji had his offices when he was practising as a solicitor.

The other postcard was sent to Mr. Arthur Snape, of Stanley's Farm, Landywood. It is the second card Mr. Snape has received within the last four days, and as his farm was chosen by the mutilator as the scene of the final outrage of the 1903 series, he is taking special steps to safeguard his horses and cows.

Other persons in the district have also received warnings, but the police have the greatest difficulty in securing the letters and cards, for the recipients are destroying them in order to avoid publicity.



Photos. Topical.

Mr. John Watson, the veterinary surgeon who attended the injured horse at Walsall, explaining to the detectives why he does not believe that the wound was caused by the kick of another horse.

The scene of the "outrage" at Walsall, a field in which Mr. Atkins's horse was found injured. It is believed that the cut, whatever its cause, was inflicted between five and eight in the morning.

MEN WHO WORK AT DANGEROUS HEIGHTS.

Photo. Fotoco; setting by "P.I.P."

'TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH.

A daring worker at a dizzy height above Cheapside.

SOUVENIR HUNTERS LOOT A CRUISER.

THE Swedish cruiser *Fylgia*, on which Prince William of Sweden journeyed to the United States, was practically stripped of everything portable by the thousands of souvenir hunters who swarmed over the warship when it reached New York last Monday.

The doors of the officers' cabins were, fortunately, kept locked, in order to prevent the visitors cutting the buttons off the dress uniforms, as was done during the Duke of the Abruzzi's visit; but otherwise the officers lost heavily.

The Senior Lieutenant's sword and scabbard were taken, while dozens of wine-glasses, silver spoons, and even knives and forks, were carried away by the enthusiastic sightseers.

Prince William good-naturedly accepted the noisy demonstrations of the crowd which flocked about the cruiser in rowing-boats and launches, and threw open the *Fylgia* to all comers.

The boatmen fought savagely for the privilege of being first to put their passengers aboard the cruiser, with the result that the ship's gangway was smashed and one boat capsized, seven excursionists being thrown into the water. They were rescued by members of the crew

CRIME EPIDEMIC IN PARIS.

No fewer than four murders were committed in and around Paris last Monday.

At one o'clock in the morning a crowd of "Apaches" fell on a working man named Besnard, robbed him, stabbed him to death, and left the body in the middle of the street. Soon after 5 a.m., in another quarter, six "Apaches" attacked two men on their way to work, killed one of them, and wounded the other so badly that he is not expected to live. In neither of these two cases were the murderers arrested.

About midday a man named Louis Charles, who was dismissed last week by a hatter for whom he had worked, rushed into the workshop of his former employer, stabbed him to death, and wounded his brother-in-law, who is now lying in a dangerous condition at the St. Louis Hospital. In this case, too, the murderer got away, but his arrest is expected.

Later in the afternoon four men were singing as they walked along a street near the fortifications, when a woman who was angry at the noise rushed out of her house to stop it. She was followed by her dog, and the animal bit one of the men, while the woman drew a revolver and shot another of them dead. She was arrested.

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF SIXTEEN NAVAL MILITIAMEN.

SIXTEEN Naval Militiamen had a thrilling experience the other day, when they were blown out to sea while cruising off Sandy Hook, New York.

The Militiamen left New York on a two days' cruise along the coast in a small boat, but were caught in a gale and driven in an easterly direction.

They suffered terribly from cold and exposure, and all were prostrated save four. The latter finally devised a series of distress signals by burning their shirts on the ends of uplifted oars, after saturating the garments with kerosene.

The signals were seen by an ocean tug late at night, after the militiamen had been at sea for twelve hours, and they were rescued after great difficulty.

THE MURDERED PREMIER.

KILLED BY ORDER OF A SECRET SOCIETY.

THE assassin of the Premier, Amin-es Sultan, was a moneychanger named Abbas Ali, from Baku. He committed suicide after killing a soldier who had seized him.

An accomplice, who tried to release the assassin, has been arrested. Letters found on the two men show that they acted on the orders of a revolutionary committee at Baku.

The coachman who was waiting for the Premier when he left the National Council relates that, noticing a number of strange people in front of the big gate, he warned his master, and advised him to leave by the back entrance.

The Premier replied, "Whatever the Almighty has ordained, let it happen," and left by the front gate.

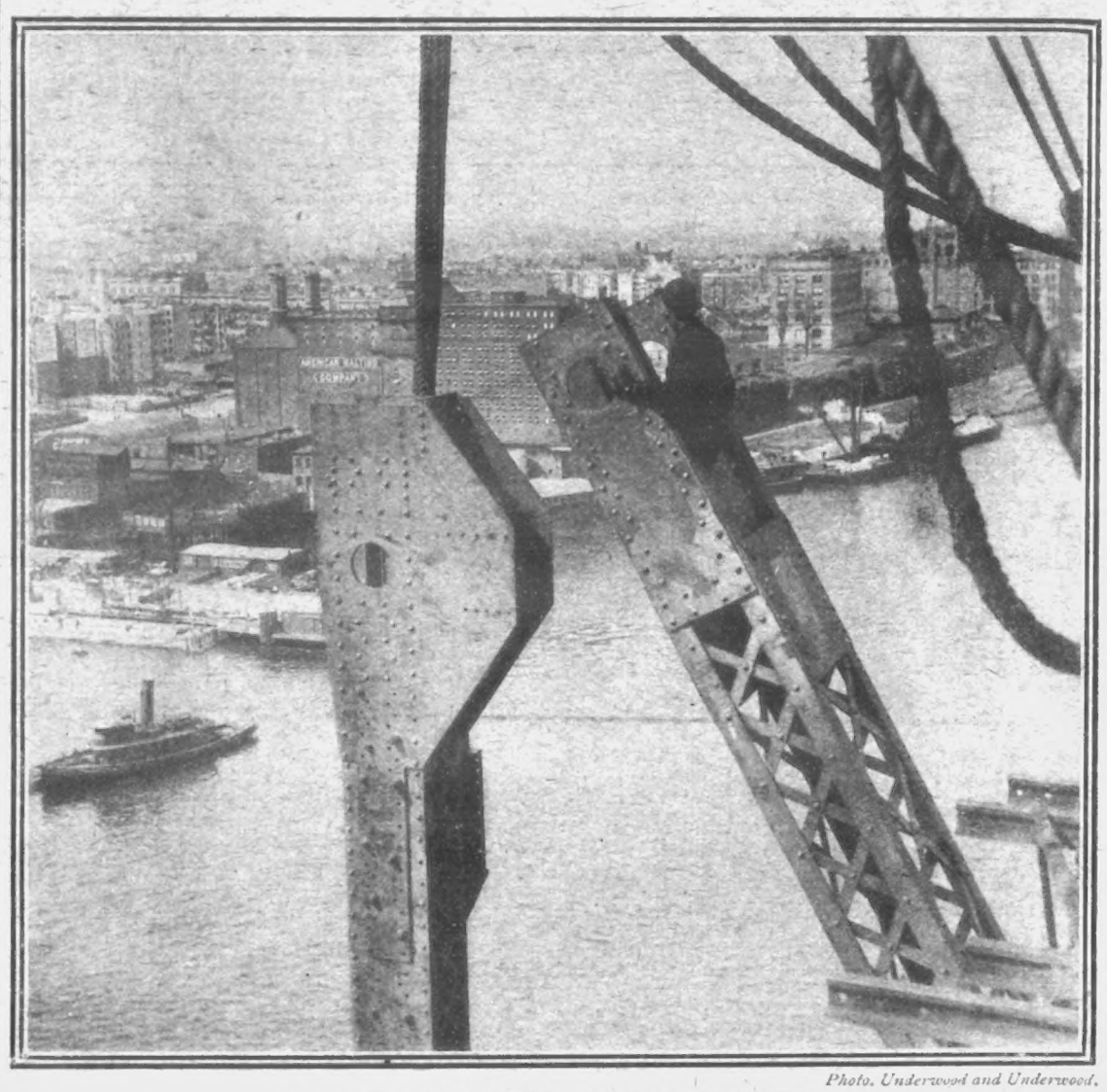


Photo. Underwood and Underwood.

A TASK REQUIRING STRONG NERVES.

Hanging diagonal braces of a bridge in America.

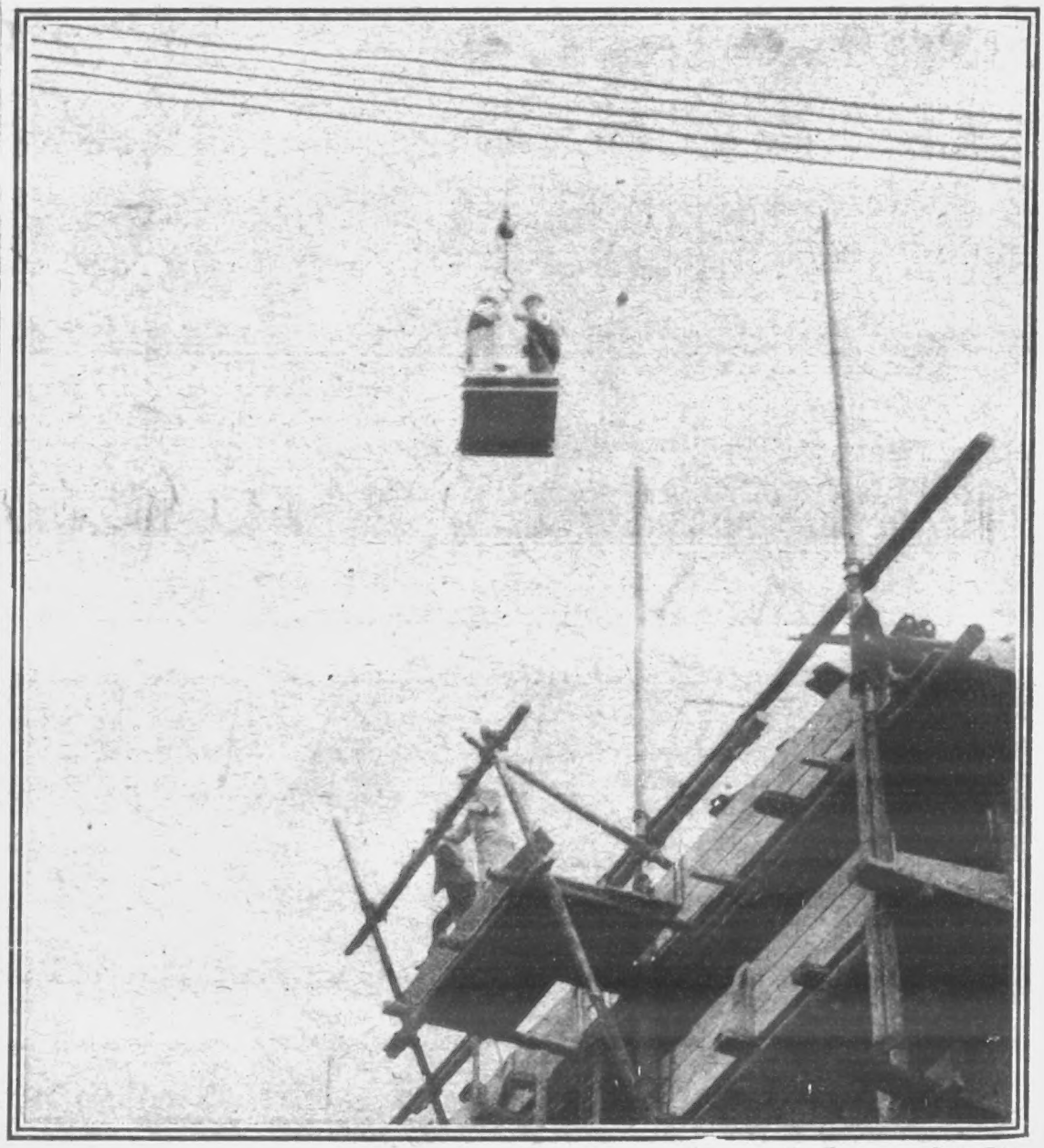
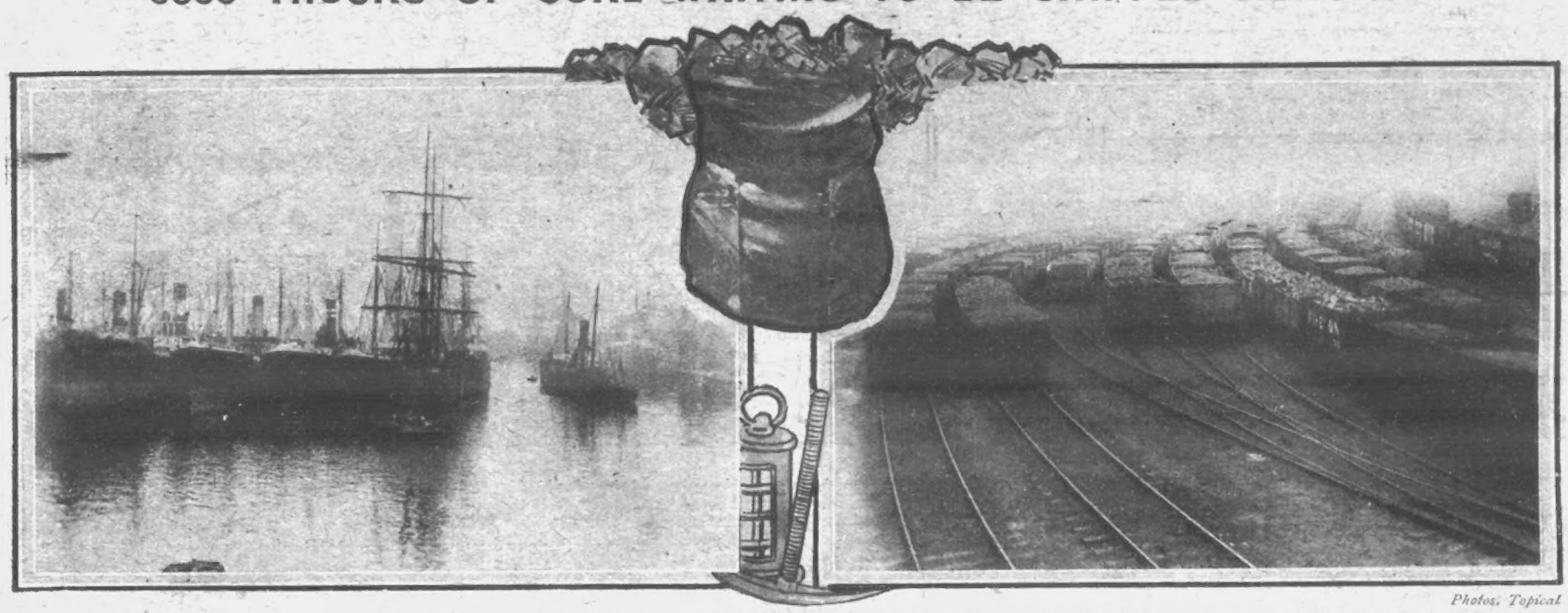


Photo. Fotoco.

NOT A NEW AEROPLANE.

But a descent from a very high building in Cheapside, which caused quite a sensation the other day, a large crowd gathering to see the workmen first go up to the top of the building with the large blocks of stone, and then return to earth with a swoop for another load.

3000 TRUCKS OF COAL WAITING TO BE SHIPPED ABROAD.



Photos: Topical

The price of coal is steadily rising, and the outlook for the winter is very serious, especially among the poor. The general opinion of the cause of the shortage and high price is that so much coal is now being shipped abroad. Experts deny this, but our photographs speak for themselves. Our first photograph shows steamers hung up in dock waiting for coal, and the second 3000 truckloads of coal waiting in dock sidings to be shipped abroad.

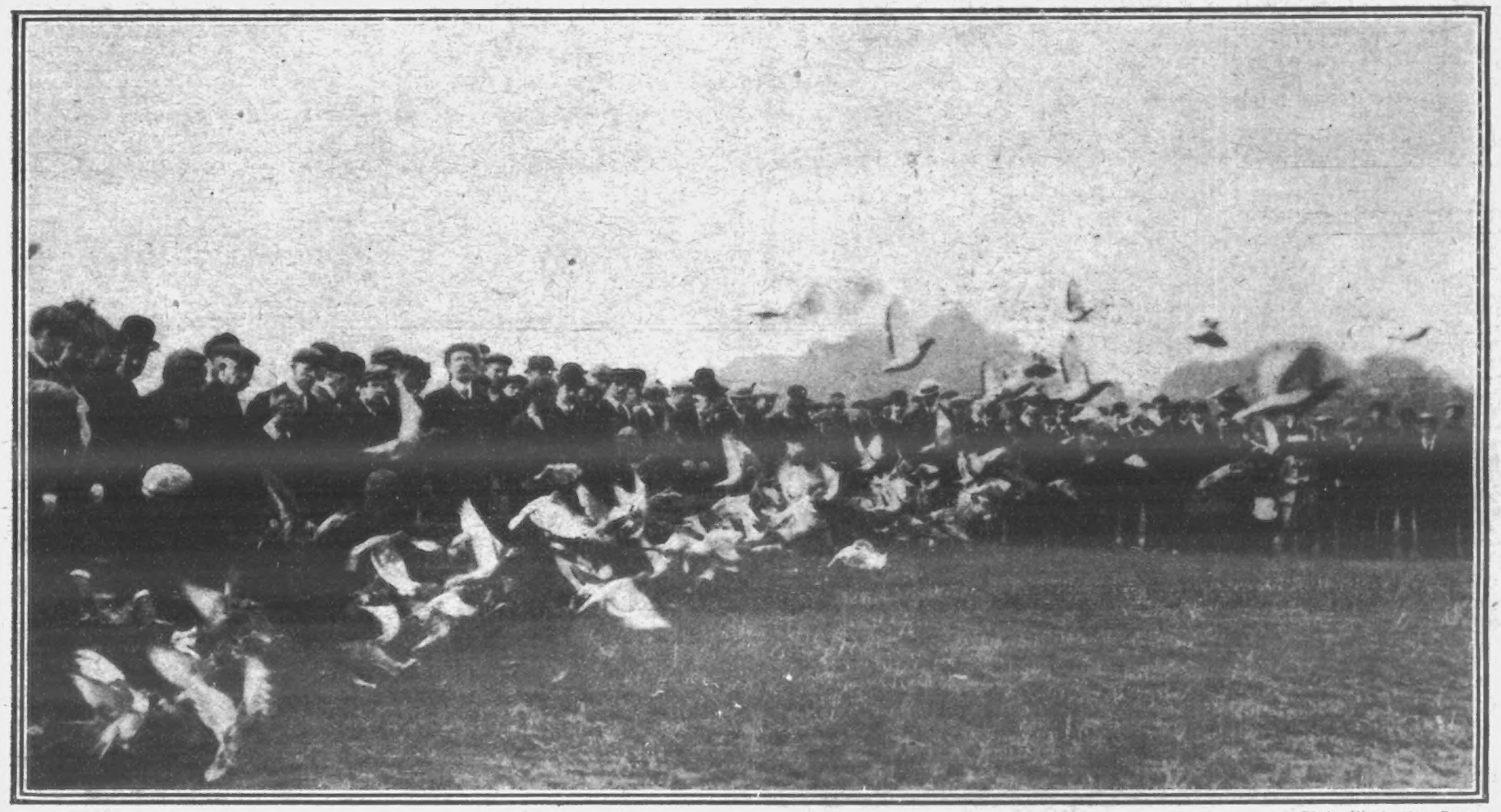


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

HUNDREDS OF PIGEONS RACE TO THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

The start of the great pigeon race from Wanstead Flats, Leytonstone, where a considerable crowd of fanciers assembled early on Saturday morning. The birds, some of the finest homers in the country, flew during the day to their lofts at Manchester, Bolton, Chester, and other North Country towns.

A WORD TO YOU CONCERNING LIMERICKS

A number of readers have written asking why we do not start a Limerick Competition. We are quite ready to do so if we know for certain that the majority of our readers would really like us to. We have, in fact, made all the necessary arrangements, and can start the competition in next week's issue of "P.I.P." Our one desire is to give you what you want, not what we think you want, and we shall not act until we know absolutely for certain that we shall please you in this matter.

THIS WILL GUARANTEE GOOD PRIZE-MONEY.

All we ask you to do is to write a card to us at once stating your wishes, so that it reaches us by Monday morning. This will let us know for certain whether or not we may expect plenty of competitors. Should the cards be in favour of a competition, you will, therefore, be certain of good substantial prizes

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN PAID TO READERS

of other papers through the medium of Limerick Competitions, so why should we not do the same? Remember that the competition would be run on strictly legal lines. You would write the limericks and share the money; we should simply make the "P.I.P." the medium of the competition and appoint judges.

SEND A POSTCARD TO "P.I.P." 172, STRAND, LONDON, ON MONDAY.

CHILDREN SLEEP WELL

when they are healthy and their food is doing its proper work.

THE BEST FOOD IS

NEAVE'S FOOD

which for more than 80 years has helped to preserve and build up the young life of the Country. When prepared according to the directions given, it is *A Complete Diet for the Infant*, as also for *the Aged and the Infirm*. Easily digested and assimilated by the most delicate Infant.

In 1/- & 2/6 Tins; also 4d. Packets

Write for "Hints About Baby," by a Trained Nurse. Postcard to JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. Fordingbridge, via Salisbury.

FOLKESTONE REGATTA: THE FINISH OF THE RACE FOR BOATMEN AND FISHERMEN.

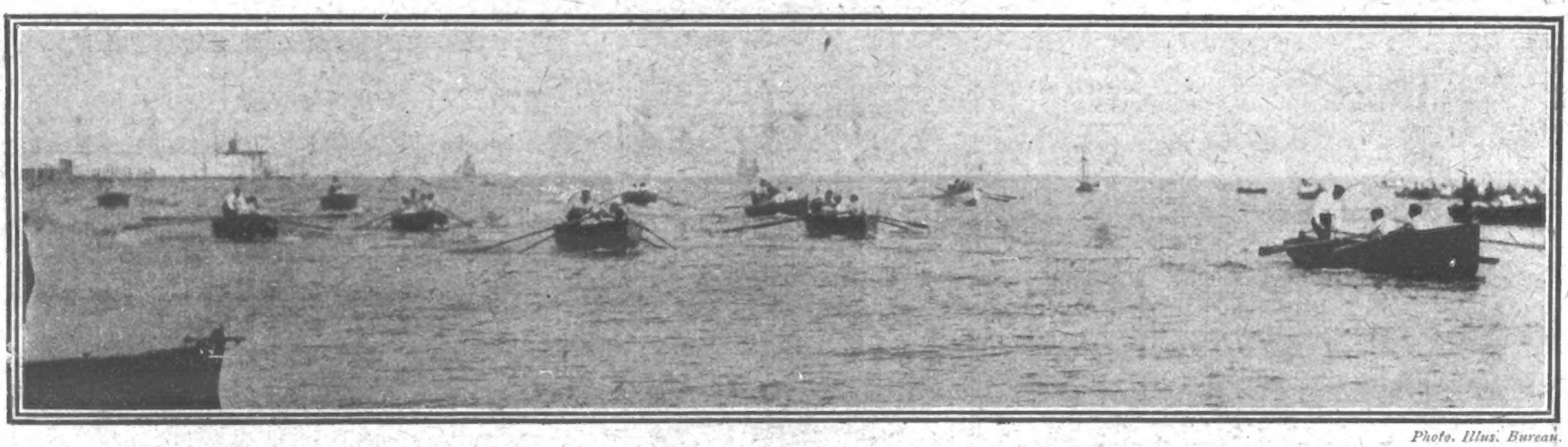


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

USHERED in though it was in the most unpleasant weather, football had its thousands of devotees to follow the various matches played on Monday. It seems passing strange that in a district like Woolwich, where times are bad, there should be over 10,000 spectators to see the Arsenal team play Notts County. And there were even more people at some of the First League matches; and the five Southern League games drew excellent crowds and provided capital football. Thus early in the season, I hear rumours of more clubs seceding from the Southern League; and, much as I should personally regret it, there seems a probability of at least two of the most prominent teams following in the footsteps of Bristol City and Fulham.

It was expected that the Arsenal would beat Notts County, but the Midlanders held their own, a draw of one goal each resulting. Bristol City did better, for they contrived to beat Everton by three goals to two. This was a meritorious performance, especially as the runners-up for the English Cup were well represented, but even more remarkable were the victories gained by the Manchester clubs, the United defeating Aston Villa at Birmingham by four goals to one, while the City went to Sunderland and won by five goals to two.

Perhaps the best game in the Southern League series was that at the new ground of the Queen's Park Rangers at Park Royal, where Tottenham Hotspur were visitors. It was a real good match, and a draw of three goals each was a fitting result. On the other hand, the meeting of West Ham United and Swindon was productive of anything but a pleasant game, many players and spectators losing their heads. Swindon gained the points by a victory of two goals to one, by which margin also Southampton beat Luton at "The Dell." Norwich City delighted their supporters by beginning the season with such a substantial victory as four goals to nil over Portsmouth; but poor Northampton were doomed to disappointment, for though they had none the worse of the game with Plymouth Argyle, they lost by one goal to nil.

CRICKET.

Cricket dies hard, and half September will have gone ere the curtain is finally rung down on the memorable season of 1907. It has been the worst experienced by cricketers for many a year, and possibly the only people who rejoice in this fact are those who dwell in Nottinghamshire, for undoubtedly the help which the pitches gave to Wass and Hallam went a long way towards winning the championship for Notts. Still, all-round merit was also in evidence, and the laurels should not be grudged. It was time that luck went the way of the Lacemen.

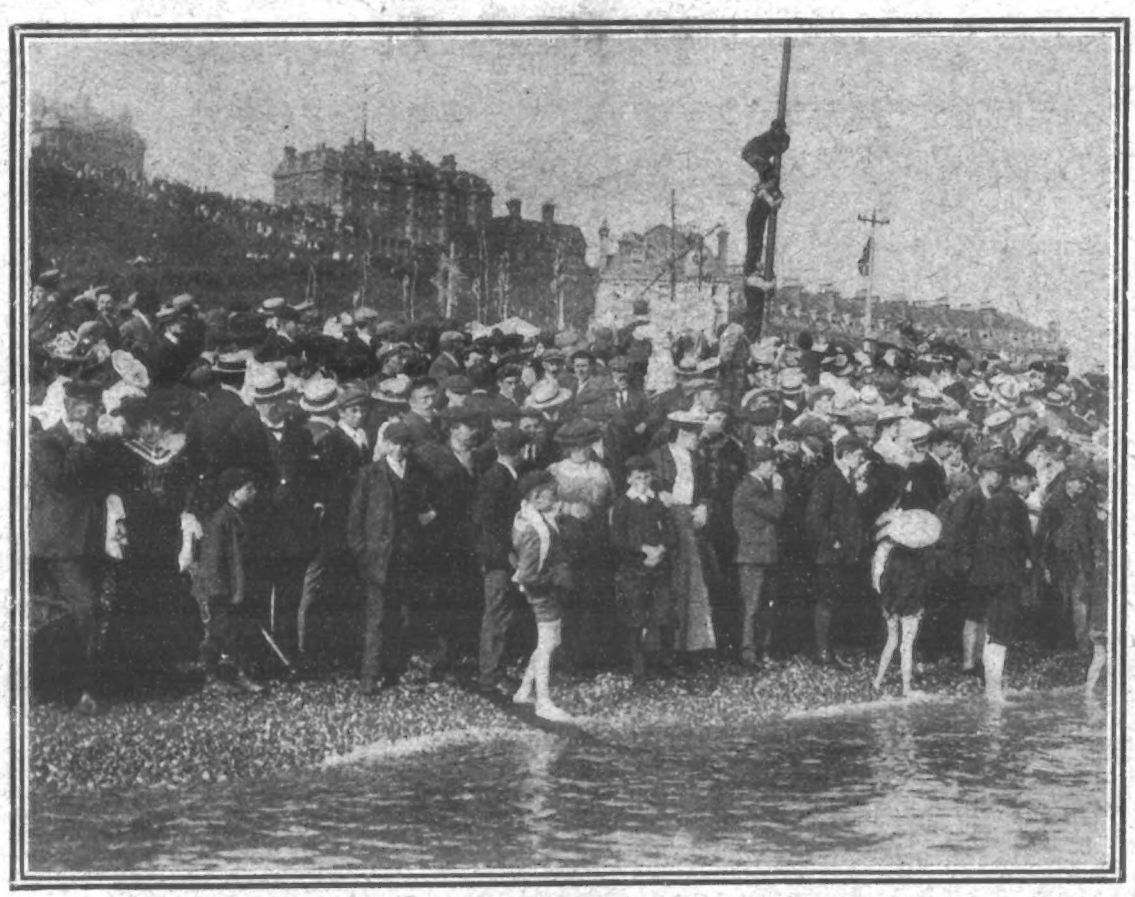
After beating Sussex, the Yorkshiremen had only to defeat Hampshire to make sure of second place in the County Championship table. But this they signally failed to do, and they had to be content with being bracketed level with Worcestershire, whose rise is worthy of the highest praise. Surrey are fourth—their most ardent admirers say they would have won had the season been fine—and it is a pity that Lord Dalmeny has resigned the captaincy, for he has led them splendidly.

Middlesex, after running an exciting race with Notts right up to the match between the two at Lord's, could finish no nearer than fifth; Lancashire, with all their wealth of talent, are only sixth; Essex got into seventh place, and Kent into eighth position. What a fall from last year's high estate! It is quite incomprehensible, and it is none too safe to mention the subject to those enthusiasts who went nearly wild with delight over Kent's performance last season. Northants and Derbyshire are right at the bottom of the list, the Peakites having experienced a terribly bad time.

At the time of writing, Tom Hayward heads the batting averages with a percentage of 47·42, C. B. Fry running a good second with 46·74. P. F. Warner is third with 41·48. No less than twenty-nine batsmen have scored over 1000 runs, but only Hayward has passed the second thousand, though it is possible for Hobbs to do so before the season closes, as up to Tuesday he wanted less than a hundred.

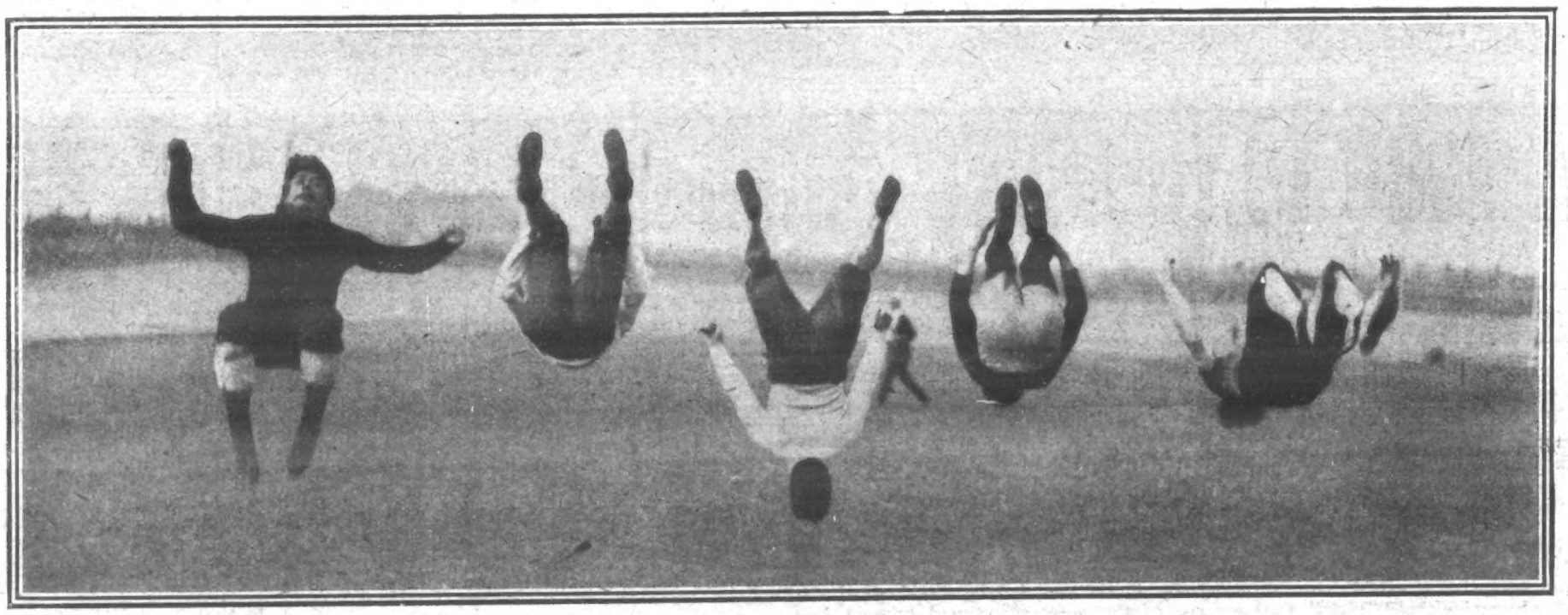
Kent have been beaten by Surrey at last. For eight years the late champions have successfully resisted all attacks by the Kennington team to defeat them; but their turn came last week, when they gained a very convincing victory by an innings and 13 runs. Kent caught the Oval club on their best behaviour. Hayward played one of his characteristic innings for 84, Hayes made 79, but the chief credit must be given to J. N. Crawford, who contributed 103. Then some excellent bowling by the last-named, Lees, and Marshall clinched matters, with the result given.

Hampshire and Yorkshire played a draw at Bournemouth. At their first attempt the home county made 361, and the North Countrymen responded with 301. The southerners replied with 221, and declared their innings closed. Yorkshire had 282 runs to get to win, and two hours and a half in which to



THE FOLKESTONE REGATTA.

A determined attempt to climb the greasy pole on the instalment plan.



THE FLIP-FLAP RACE IN AID OF THE EAST HAM AND WEST HAM HOSPITAL.

One of the most amusing events on the programme of these sports held in aid of charity was, undoubtedly, the flip-flap race. The competitors were required to turn back somersaults for a distance of thirty yards. Mr. Andy Brunnel (in the centre) was the winner.

get them. The making of the runs was, of course, impossible, but the tyke is a stubborn individual when cornered. The Yorkshiremen therefore set about playing out time, and they succeeded in scoring 130 runs for four wickets.

The South Africans will spend very little further time with us, but they have shown us enough to prove that they are a really good side. Against Somerset they exhibited qualities of the best order, and they won the match very easily. Quite the feature of the last day was the bowling of White, who, in the second innings of the western county, took five wickets for 19 runs. They wind up the tour with a match against a strong eleven, got together by the once mighty smiter Mr. C. I. Thornton. It will be the third match of the Scarborough festival.

The M.C.C. have no intention of adding to the number of players chosen to go to Australia, so that the fourteen players whose names have been common property for some time will be the sole representatives of the old country, with the possible exception of George Gunn. I say possible, for he is undoubtedly going to Australia to escape the English winter. It is unfortunate for Gunn that he has been suffering from lung trouble, but whether he plays or not, he will be on the spot, and he would be more than useful in a case of emergency.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Devonshire athletic week has always been a favourite one with athletes and cyclists, and this year the meetings are quite as attractive as those which have preceded them. The Exeter C.C. meeting opened an interesting series, and the various contests were quite up to high-water mark, the cycle events in particular presenting a very attractive dish.

Amongst the best known of the riders who competed were Leon Meredith and C. B. Kingsbury, of Gosport. The latter won the Five Miles Chamber of Commerce Plate, but Meredith's machine went wrong in the last lap, and there was nothing for it but to retire. Whether he would have been first over the line with a little better luck can only be conjectured, but he was riding very strongly, and was certainly doing quite as well as Kingsbury when he met with his mishap. The mile cycle scratch race for the Exeter Challenge Trophy was also won by Kingsbury.

The South Wales championships were held at Newport last Saturday, but the form of the competitors can only be classed as fair. For a walker of the class of A. Yeoumans, of Swansea, 14 min. 12 sec., is not great for two miles, but it may be that he had nothing much to beat, and took matters easily.

A Newport man, J. Gorman, won the 100-yards and 220-yards, taking 10 3-5 sec. for the five-score and 24 sec. for the furlong. W. Walkley, Cardiff, won the half-mile and the quarter, W. Ewerson secured the mile, S. Williams the hurdles, and A. Givons the long-jump.

The Birmingham Charity Sports, held at Aston last Saturday, met with their usual measure of success. Included in the programme was the 5-miles N.C.U. Birmingham Centre championship. This was won by L. Hodgett, of the Rover C.C., his time being 12 min. 15 1-5 sec. D. Hodgett secured the quarter-mile scratch race, but the chief item of interest was the victory of Cartmell, the American, over J. W. Morton, the English champion in the 100 yards, though the time was only 10 4-5 sec.

Fine weather favoured the annual sports of the Eastbourne A.C. at Devonshire Park, and the various events were witnessed by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Rosmead, and Sir Claude de Crespigny. G. Saunders, Brighton and County, won the mile championship of Sussex in 4 min. 44 sec. The half-mile open cycle handicap was taken by A. Offen, Brighton Mitre C.C.; T. Clarke, Queen's Park H., was first in the 100-yards handicap, and also captured the quarter. L. E. T. D. Smith, Brighton and County, was first in the mile flat handicap; the cycle handicap at the same distance ended in a victory for H. H. Lee, the Putney cyclist; and the Herne Hill Harrier, J. E. Deakin, annexed the three-miles scratch race in 16 min. 10 sec.

The annual sports of the Great Eastern Railway, held at the Essex County Cricket Ground at Leyton on Saturday, were a great success. The half-mile cycle handicap (open) was won by W. L. Fookes, Westcombe Park C.C. His start was 60 yards, and the time 1 min. 4 1-5 sec. The 100 yards went to E. Evans, District Railway A.C., 7½ yards start, in even time; and the South London Harriers, represented by E. H. Montague, J. P. George, L. J. de B. Reed, and J. B. Densham, carried off the relay race; and there were also two new records created. C. A. Denny, of the Putney A.C., beat the previous cycling record on a grass track for a quarter of a mile by doing 33 3-5 sec., the previous best being 2-5 sec. slower. The time in the relay race was also the best on record, the quartette mentioned covering the distance in 3 min. 35 1-5 sec.

A MONSTER TROUT.

2 ft. 6 in. long, weight 18 lb.

Mr. James Brigg, of Harringay, has become famous owing to his capture of a monster trout from the waters of the New River, which flow at the bottom of his garden. It is said that the fish is fully a hundred years old, but his age did not prevent him struggling for close upon an hour before Mr. Brigg succeeded in landing him.

SWIMMING.

It seems that Captain Webb's feat in swimming the Channel will not be emulated by the present band of long-distance swimmers. Bad luck has certainly dogged some of the men this year. Wolffe had a rare buffeting last week-end, and so did Stearne, while Heaton, after starting with favourable conditions, had to give up at the end of 10 hours 5 min., owing to high seas running in the vicinity of the Varne Buoy. Monty Holbein, getting on in years as he is, made a gallant attempt on Sunday night, and it was hard luck indeed that he should be seized with sickness after covering twenty miles in 7¼ hours, the final bearings showing the great athlete to be 9¼ miles from the South Foreland.

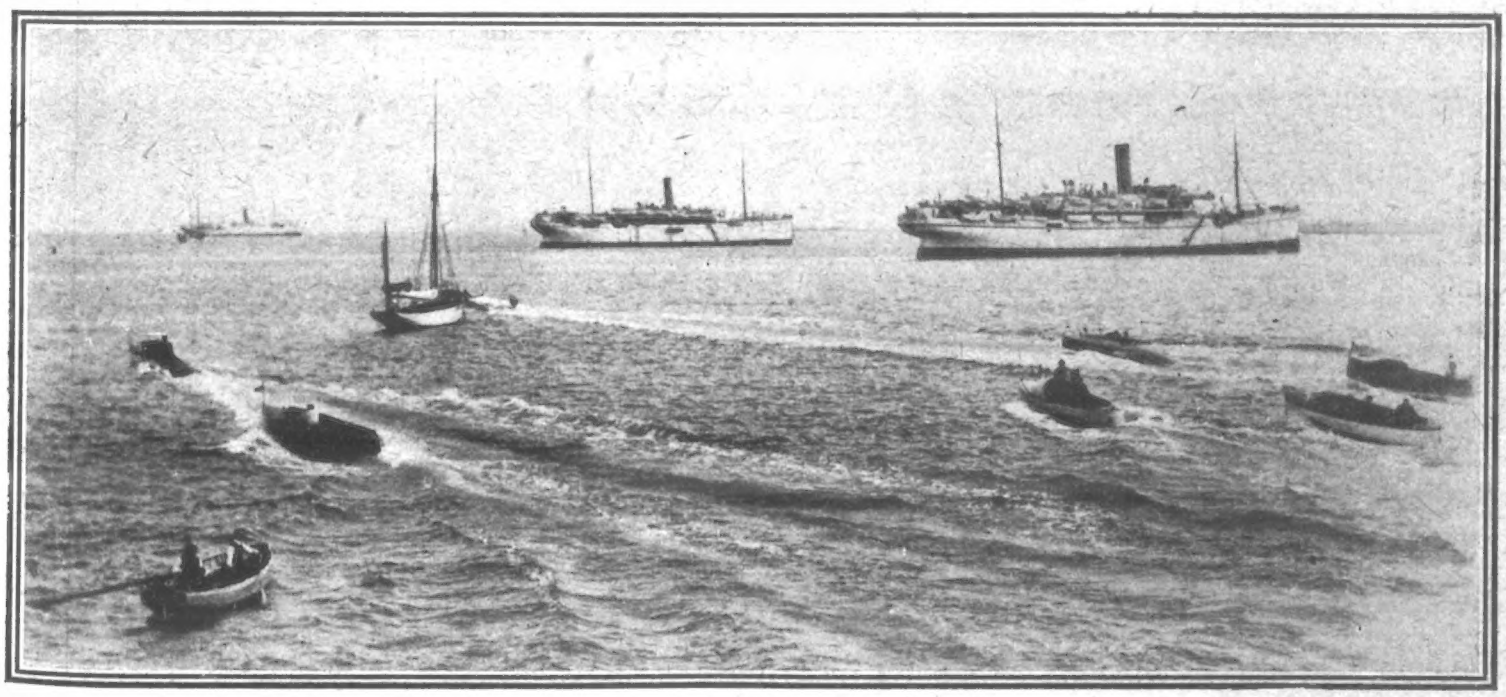
In a team race between members of the Hove and Cygnus Clubs at Hove last Saturday, the visitors won by a yard after an exciting contest. A water-polo match between the same clubs was also won by the Cygnus, the margin in their favour being five goals to three.

BOWLS.

One of the surprising features of the season's pastimes has been the manner in which the ancient game of bowls has gained in popularity. Not a little of this is due to the influence of Dr. W. G. Grace, who can command followers at any branch of sport that he takes up. No doubt, his great personality has had much to do with the rise of the London County Club. He was skippering a team against the Heathfield B.C. last Saturday, and his side won by eleven points, though the "G.O.M." of cricket was one point down to J. Wills junior.

THE SKIFF CLUB REGATTA AT TEDDINGTON REACH.

The start for the double Canadian Canoe Race, won by G. E. Andrews and A. A. Gerrans.



THE MOTOR-YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT SOUTHAMPTON.

With every year motor-cars and motor-boats are coming more and more into general use, and on Saturday last Southampton was the scene of several fine motor-boat races. Our photograph shows the start of the Members' Motor-Boat Race.

"NO MORE SKIN ILLNESS"

We are going to ask you two or three straight and plain questions. Does your skin get red, rough, and chafed easily? Have you spots, pimples, or blackheads on your face, or a rash or breaking-out in any part of your body? Are you suffering from skin irritation or eczema on your face, arms, legs, back or chest? Are there any other signs that your skin is at all unhealthy or is needing attention? If so fill in the coupon at foot, and send it to us at once, and commence your cure with "Antexema" to-day.

The Immediate Relief

"Antexema" will give you from itching, however incessant and intolerable, is wonderful. Time after time, people write to us to say that the first night they used "Antexema" was the first night for months that they had enjoyed restful sleep. Another important point is this: "Antexema" effects a cure where every other so-called remedy, and skin specialists, doctors, and hospitals have all failed. However bad your case is, do not despair, but use the one triumphant remedy, "Antexema." The "Antexema" treatment is a medical treatment, and was the discovery of a leading doctor who made a special study of skin ailments and their cure. "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment, but a milky-looking liquid, and when gently applied to the skin it is almost immediately absorbed, and its healing virtues

Eczema of the face and neck is cured by "Antexema."

begin their beneficial work. Whilst this is going on the affected part is covered by a sort of invisible artificial skin, which protects it from germs and injury. "Antexema" should be immediately applied to scratches, cuts, pimples, or broken skin, because it is through these channels that the germs of disease and blood poisoning enter the system. The antiseptic properties of "Antexema" are therefore of the greatest value, as they disarm the germs and render them powerless for mischief. If your skin illness is the outward sign of impurity of the blood, whilst you are applying "Antexema" outwardly you should also take "Antexema Granules," which embody most valuable blood-purifying elements. You should also always use "Antexema Soap" for bath and toilet.

Why be Disfigured, Tortured, and Humiliated?

These words perfectly describe the misery that skin sufferers have to endure. Nothing can be more exasperating to a sensitive mind than to know that everyone you meet is noticing some breaking-out or blemish on your skin. Nothing is so disfiguring as skin which is red, rough, pimply, or scurfy, or which has upon it an angry-looking eruption; and certainly nothing worries or torments the sufferer like the itching of eczema or some other irritating skin ailment. All such annoyances and miseries are absolutely unnecessary. We assure you, in the most emphatic terms, that "Antexema" will cure you completely and permanently. We want to convince you of this fact, and therefore offer you a

Generous Free Trial,

both of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules," the great blood purifier. All Chemists and Stores supply "Antexema" at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or post free direct, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions. If you wish to avail yourself of our Free Trial, fill in Coupon, or write and mention "The Penny Illustrated Paper," enclose three penny stamps for a copy of our popular handbook, "Skin Troubles," and the Free Trial will come with the little book. Send to The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

ANTEXEMA

Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

Fill in this coupon, and enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, and receive, with the handbook a generous Free Trial of 'Antexema' and 'Antexema Granules.' The ANTEXEMA COMPANY, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

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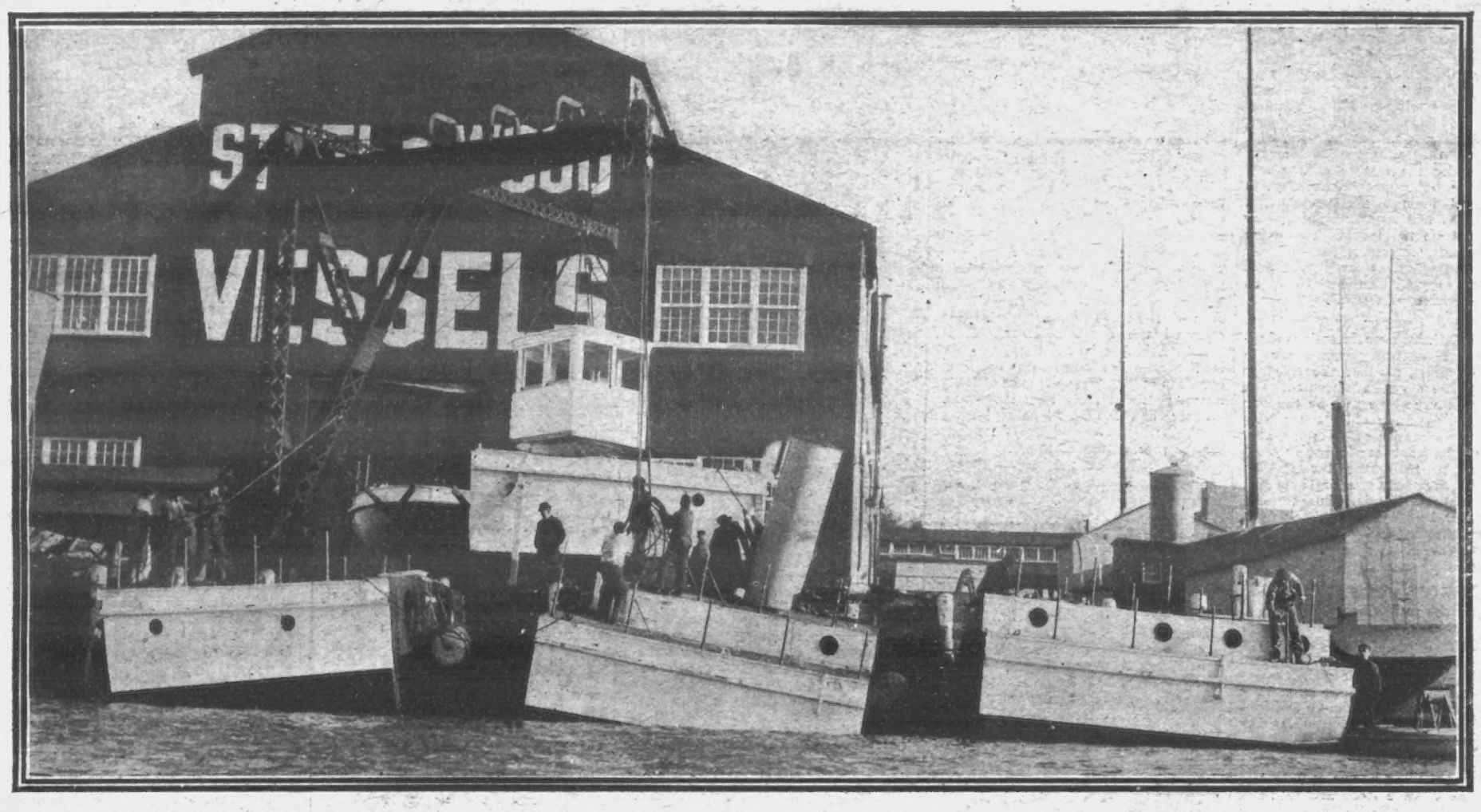
Penny Illustrated Paper, 7/9/07.

A GOVERNMENT SHIP IN FIVE SECTIONS.



THE BOAT JUST BEFORE THE FIVE SEPARATE PARTS ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER TO MAKE UP THE COMPLETE VESSEL.

THE FIVE-SECTIONS SHIP.

EVER since the United States came into possession of the Philippines, there has been a growing demand on the part of the Navy for small boats suited for the waters of this group of twelve hundred or more islands. Only craft of light draught, however, were adapted for use in these outlying possessions of Uncle Sam, and these could not be built in America and sent across the ocean under their own steam.

It was a perplexing matter, and at one time looked as if it was going to baffle the ingenuity of everybody connected with it. But Uncle Sam has found a way out of the difficulty—as he is sure to do on every such occasion, as soon as he takes time to consider the subject—deciding finally to build the Government steamers for service in the Philippines in sections. By this means the boats can be constructed of metal in America, and shipped readily on the deck of a transport or by other means, to the point of destination.

As soon as the matter was decided upon, bids for such boats were asked for, and the builders were allowed to work out their own designs. The offer of a shipbuilding firm at Morris Heights, New Jersey, was finally accepted, and already a boat has been constructed and is now on its way for service.

Nothing of a similar nature has ever been constructed, making this boat of particular interest, as the parts are arranged so as to be readily put together and are self-locking. The accompanying illustration shows the steamer *Pontonier* assembled. The boat is built of steel, with twin screws, and has two compound-engines and a Seabury water-tube boiler. The vessel is 80 ft. long, with a draught of 3 ft. 5 in. and a beam of 18 ft. She has a displacement of 72 tons, and operates at a speed of eleven knots per hour.

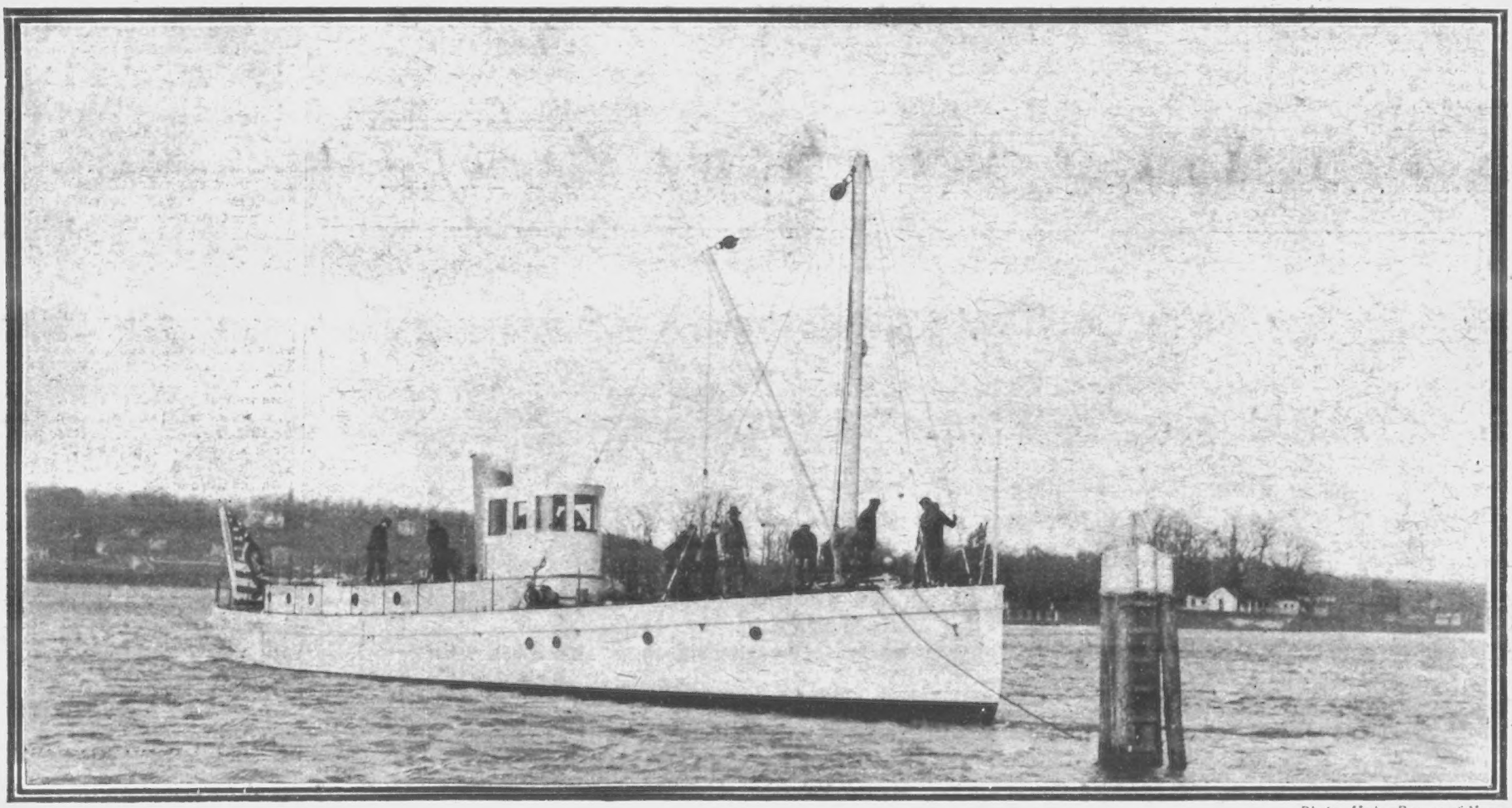
The section containing the engines has a space cut off fore and aft, 11 ft. 5 in., with an inside bulkhead for the officers' quarters. The sections are fitted with cones, 1 ft. 2 in. in diameter. In the section next to the engine is a boiler installation, which includes storage tanks for water and fuel bunkers for 16,000 lb. of coal; the engine, with 9-in. stroke, the high-pressure cylinder, measuring 6 in. in diameter, and the low-pressure cylinders, measuring 12 in. The section ahead of that containing the boiler installation has quarters for a crew of twenty men, and also serves as a hold for the cargo, while the bow section has the necessary store-lockers, and carries the chain and anchor equipment, as well as a derrick.

The oval counter, or stern, which may or may not be used, composes the fifth section. As this section comes above the water-line, the omission of it gives the vessel a square-stern effect.

In assembling the craft, the boiler section having the greatest weight, and establishing the water-line, is first floated. The other sections working either fore or aft, follow in order.

The sections are all fitted with sea-valves, and sea-water is admitted into their bottoms until they reach the common water-line. Two sections coming together have their ends fitted with cones about 14 in. in diameter, one set pointing outward, the opposite pointing inward.

A windlass, with a steel cable working on a differential system, is fitted on the deck of each section. The cable connects the cones of one section to the other, and the windlass being operated brings the four cones together, engaging each other. When the sections have all been connected the water ballast is pumped out, and they are reinforced with connecting bolts. As soon as the steam connection between the engine and boiler stations has been made, the vessel is ready for use.



Photos. Union Bureau of News.

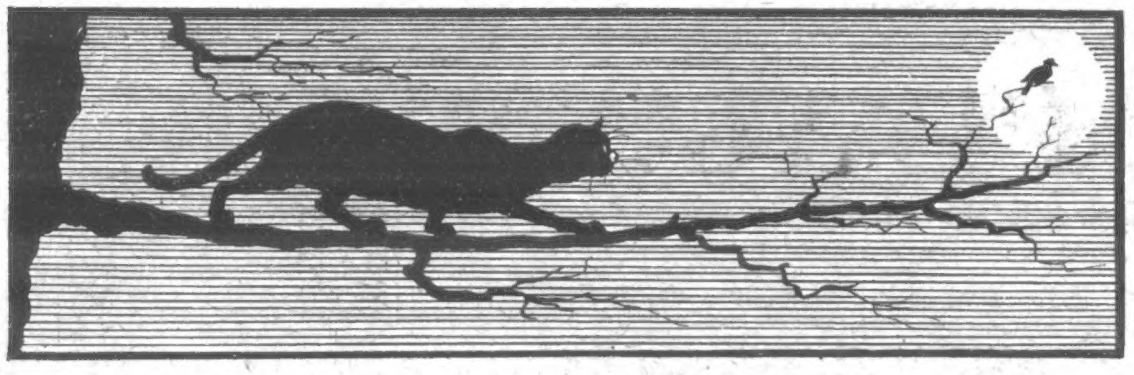
EVERYTHING READY FOR THE TRIP.

Anyone looking at the vessel would notice nothing out of the ordinary

THE HARVEST OF HOPS: HOPPERS AND THEIR LIFE.

"P.I.P.'S" PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS TYPICAL SCENES IN KENT.

Kentish villages are now besieged by thousands of London's slum-dwellers, who look upon the hop harvest as a welcome change of air and scenery. A useful sum of money can be earned by a steady worker. Our photographs show incidents in the daily life of the hoppers.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Quite a Mistake.

At considerable expense a certain Scottish town council had erected public swimming baths, and they were opened by one of the leading men of the neighbourhood. Of the proudest there was Sandy, who had been appointed bath-superintendent. Sandy had two hobbies—dog-breeding and swimming. Just prior to the opening ceremony one of the local councillors slipped and fell into the six-foot end of the bath. "Come out o' that!" roared Sandy, leaning over and catching the unfortunate one by his hair. "Come out o' that! That bath 's not opened yet!"

When on firm foot-hold the councillor tried to laugh the matter away. "Anyhow, I have had the first swim," he said.

"'Deed ye hadna!" responded Sandy calmly. "Me an' the dogs had a dip this morning!"

Two Sides to Every Question.

Benevolent Old Man: "I am sorry, Johnnie, to see you have a black eye."

Promising Youth: "You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he 's got two!"—*Answers.*

Don't Argue!

The rivalry was great at the annual cricket match, Police v. Publicans, and many friendly bets depended on the result. When the last batsman, Police-constable Robinson, walked to the wicket, the Police required only two runs to win, and, naturally, great excitement prevailed. He batted with due care until a loose ball came, and, hitting this past mid-on, he started for an easy run. He got home comfortably before the wicket was thrown down, but, to his disgust, he was given "out."

"Why," exclaimed the indignant constable, "I was a yard past the wicket!"

"Meb-be," said the umpire in a supercilious tone; "but, yer see, it ain't what you say; it 's what I say, an' I say you 'm out."

"But——" began the irate Robinson.

"D' yer remember," interrupted the umpire, meditatively scratching his nose, "sayin' to me 'bout six months ago, 'Don't argue with the law'? Well, you was the law that time, an' I was run in. Now," he added triumphantly, "I 'm the law, an' you 'm run out!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

In a Third-Class Railway Carriage.

Crimson with rage, the lady boarded the Tube train. It was evident to the rest of the passengers that something had occurred to upset her equanimity. She sighed like a locomotive giving off steam, and bounced down on the seat in a style that boded ill for the compartment's upholstery.

A gentleman opposite ventured the remark that maybe she had found sixpence and lost a shilling.

"This 'ere 's a free country, I 'ope?" asked the lady, with some asperity.

"Seems to me you 're doin' your best to make it one, anyway," observed the gentleman.

"'Cos what I mean," continued the excited one, "if no one couldn't 'ave a bit o' trouble without askin' leave o' the likes o' you it 'd be best to emigrate."

The male passenger concluded that discretion was by far the better part of valour. "I was only tryin' to cheer you up a bit, missus," he remarked with a chastened air.

The lady thawed visibly. "Truth is," she announced, "I 've 'ad a shock. Knocked me all of a 'eap, as the sayin' goes. It 's my second."

"'Usband?" queried the male passenger.

The lady nodded. "Shan't never believe in men no more," she declared. "Married 'im five months ago last Friday, and thought I was doin' myself a bit o' good. Sweep—that 's what 'e was—and a better 'earted and more 'ard workin' feller never stepped. And yesterday 'e gets run over, and was took to the 'orspital."

"'Urt bad?" inquired the gentleman opposite.

"I was when I see 'im just now," snapped the lady. "First thing they done was to wash 'im."

"That ain't upset you, I 'ope?"

"No," replied the lady, "but it do come as a bit of a shock when a woman's been pattin' 'erself on the back, thinkin' she 'd found a decent Englishman for a 'usband to find out as her old man's a nigger."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Knew What Was Good.

The jealousy which nearly always exists between different arms of the military service used to be illustrated by the dialogues which took place between cavalrymen and infantrymen during the American Civil War. It was a favourite and brutal joke on the part of the cavalrymen, who affected to despise the foot soldiers, to shout to some soldiers as the cavalry were passing the infantry on the march—

"Are you tired of walking?"

Whereupon, if the infantryman, supposing that he was going to get a lift, responded "Yes," the cavalryman would say, "Well, try running a while!"

The infantrymen, for their part, ridiculed the cavalrymen unmercifully when they were in camp, where the cavalrymen were compelled to spend much of their time in acting as body-servants to their horses.

A cavalryman was one day engaged in laboriously "cleaning down" his rather raw-boned steed. An infantryman sauntered up and, with his hands behind his back, leisurely inspected the operation.

"Halloa, John!" said the cavalry-man. "Think you 'd like to be in the cavalry?"

"Oh, yes," said the infantryman; "but only as a horse."—*Tit-Bits.*

DUTY BEFORE ALL.

THE POLICEMAN (scenting promotion): It 's no use your hidin', Sir. I must 'ave your name an' address.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

In all probability the "long arm of coincidence" in fiction will shortly be replaced by the wireless telegram of Marconi. Already the stage has called in the aid of the Signor's clever invention, for in one scene in Messrs. Raleigh and Henry Hamilton's new drama, "The Sins of Society," at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Arthur Collins introduces it with a most dramatic effect. This is, no doubt, the first time, certainly in the metropolis, that this system of telegraphy has been shown in a theatre, and it will doubtless be a novelty to thousands of playgoers.

"The Sins of Society."

Well varied and interesting programmes, drawn up from the works of English, German, Russian, Norwegian, and Finnish composers, are attracting large audiences to the Queen's Hall. On Saturday last an orchestral novelty was tendered in the shape of a "Dance-Intermezzo" (No. 2) by Sibelius, whose stirring "Finlandia" has enlisted so many adherents. The piece in question is the second of a set of three forming the Finnish composer's forty-fifth opus. In the Introduction a pretty effect of colour is obtained by the employment of harp arpeggi against sustained wood-wind chords. Afterwards there is presented a section in waltz rhythm, the subject being announced by cornets, with the addition of pizzicato strings and tambourine.

The Promenade Concerts.

All arrangements have now been definitely completed for reproducing at Olympia on, and for eight weeks from, next Christmas Eve, the Mammoth Fun City, which attracted over three-quarters-of-a-million people to Kensington during last Yule-tide. The sole proprietors and managers of this vast undertaking are, as before, International Fairs, Limited, and in securing for the forthcoming carnival all the paramount and very latest features of the Continental, American, and British pleasure-grounds, expense has neither been spared nor considered. For sixpence the visitor will get twelve hours of wholesome and well-diversified amusement, whilst the special features have been selected to contrast with those presented at the first Fun City. There will be (by permission of the French Government) a complete representation of an Assouan village of seventy-two souls, from the chieftain with his seven wives and twenty-one children down to the medicine man, the executioner, and the craftsmen at their daily work; there will be in "Creation" an exquisite illusion typifying the birth of the world; a Midget City, peopled by half-a-hundred Lilliputian beings; a free Continental circus of high reputation; an aerial act of the most daring character; a human roulette-board; a "Wonderland" of many attractions; Hale's tours; Sedgwick's Grand Menagerie with new specimens, and a mighty array of switchbacks, helter-skelters, Pat Collins's racing cockerels, roundabouts, and the many varieties of the side-show in greater abundance than ever before.

The Fun City.

Hamlet is not the only person who has been led to a deed of desperation by a rat. Some time ago, when Miss Pollie Emery, who is acting at the Playhouse, was a passenger on board the *Orient*, she was asked to give a performance in aid of the Seamen's Orphanage. She consented, and suggested doing the well-known farce "Good-for-Nothing," if some of the other passengers could be induced to fill the cast. The performance was under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Kintore, Captain Anstruther Thompson, and the Hon. Harry Tretusis—all passengers—the last of whom played one of the parts. The excitement and bustle of building the stage, conducting the rehearsals, and transforming the saloon into an auditorium were very great, and everyone looked forward with interest to the evening of the performance. The play had begun (says a writer in the *Sketch*), and Miss Emery, as Nan, was nervously waiting for her cue, when suddenly she was startled by a child's piercing scream from one of the adjoining cabins. She rushed towards it, thinking from the cries that something terrible had happened, when to her horror an enormous rat ran down the passage. In her turn, she screamed with terror, and, making a frantic rush, tore wildly across the temporary stage, nearly bringing it down, long before her real entrance should have taken place. The amazement at the sudden and unexpected appearance of Nan astonished the actors. Acting was, however, something about which Miss Emery was not thinking. Her only thought was to escape from the rat, and on she went, blundering right among the audience, among whom, too, the rat was running, and probably more frightened than the company. Everybody, however, shouted and screamed with fright, the women jumping on the backs of chairs and imploring the men to save them. At the psychological moment the ship's faithful tom-cat made a dramatic entrance, and with one swift, sudden spring caught the rat and carried it away in triumph, as the stalwart hero of a melodrama carries the fragile heroine, and to no less enthusiastic applause. Then the audience settled down, and the play went on from the point at which it had been so ruthlessly interrupted

Routed by a Rat.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE,

IN

"French as He is Spoke."

PETER SHOWS THE "INTERPRETER'S" CAP, WHICH HE WEARS BACKWARDS WHEN A FRENCHMAN IS NEAR.

He has taken the position of interpreter at a London hotel without knowing anything of the French language.

That commercial exhibitions are of extreme value is very conclusively proved by the Consul-General for Austria's Board of Trade report for the year 1906, wherein he says—"It is an interesting fact that the year of the Austrian Exhibition in London (at Earl's Court) should show such a large increase in the trade between the two countries. The letters from British importing firms received at this Consulate-General since the beginning of the Exhibition bear witness to the enhanced interest taken in the United Kingdom in certain branches of Austrian industry, and probably some of the above-mentioned increases in Austrian exports to the United Kingdom, particularly in articles of ladies' wear, may have been due to the stimulus of the Exhibition, though there was hardly time for its effects to be fully visible in the trade returns by the end of the year. The trade of the monarchy with the United Kingdom increased during 1906 by nearly 25 per cent., an increase proportionately much greater than that of the foreign trade of the monarchy in general. Value in 1905, £7,190,359; in 1906, £9,174,186 The United Kingdom also took in 1906 considerably increased quantities and values of eggs, cotton, and cotton yarn, flax and hemp yarns, silk and silk goods, garments and millinery, paper, leather goods, glass and glassware, metals and metal goods, books, and objects of art."

The Value of Commercial Exhibitions.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's comedy-drama, "Her Son," originally staged at a series of matinées at the Playhouse, was revived, in an altered and re-written form, at the New Theatre last Monday night. The play, greatly improved in its new form, is well worth seeing, if only for Master Bobbie Andrews' remarkable performance of the title-part—the little boy who is "afraid of nobody and nothing—in the daytime!" Miss Suzanne Sheldon scored a great success in Miss Wynne Matthison's original part.

"Her Son," at the New Theatre.

Suburban playgoers have good fare this week. The suburban theatres last Monday were invaded by the all-powerful musical productions. The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened at the Broadway, New Cross, with "Carmen." "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Faust," "Tannhäuser," and "Il Trovatore" were given during the week. Mr. Bertie Wright was the life and soul of "See-See" at the Borough, Stratford, while Miss Stella Gastelle was no less indispensable to the attractions of "La Poupée" at the Marlborough, Holloway. Light fare also prevailed at the Kennington ("A Chinese Honeymoon"), the Coronet ("The Geisha"), and the Camden ("Beauty and the Barge.")

Plays in the Suburbs.

Miss Marie Tempest reappeared at the Comedy Theatre on Monday as the delightful heroine of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "The Truth," the run of which was resumed after a holiday interval. Miss Tempest repeated her wonderful triumph, and the play was most enthusiastically received.

Tempest in "Truth."

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was transferred from Terry's Theatre to the Adelphi last Monday night, and was warmly received by a crowded house

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

PETER FINDS CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY IN UNDERSTANDING FRENCH THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

PETER HAS A CONFIDENTIAL TALK WITH ROSINE (MISS MADGE TITHERADGE).

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV. *(Continued.)*

A FORLORN HOPE.

IT never occurred to Lady Cobbin that Belinda had so easily accepted Mendle, and still less did it cross her mind that, to inflict pain, the lawyer had so rapidly communicated his triumph to his rival. She put all other business aside and came post haste to Elder Square with her heart on fire. Poor woman, what with her fears and hopes and doubts, and a certain amount of shame that she had allowed her emotions to master her, she felt as nervous and timid as a young girl.

Dr. Darton received her in his bare consulting-room with a perfectly pale and unemotional face. His nature was a strong one, but it needed all his will-power to restrain himself. After a chilly greeting, which tormented the unruly heart of the elderly woman, he handed her the letter in silence. Lady Cobbin fixed in her eye-glass to read it, and after doing so returned the epistle to him.

"Well?" asked Darton interrogatively.

"It is strange," gasped out Milady, looking anywhere but into his anxious face. She could not say more from sheer emotion. That Mendle should have gained his ends so quickly, and that he should have communicated them to Darton on the instant, forced her to come to an understanding with the Doctor earlier than she judged it wise. It had been her intention to play the part of a sympathising friend, and to place her brains at his disposal to rescue him from the position he was in, before venturing on the dangerous ground of love. But Mendle's action forced her hand. Unless she struck quickly and hard, Darton, in despair at losing Belinda, might go elsewhere for consolation. And Lady Cobbin's experience of the world led her to see that a handsome young doctor would not need to go far for a female sympathiser. If that especial one happened to be rich and beautiful, then she, Lady Cobbin, would be left out in the cold. Taking these unexpected circumstances into consideration, the woman decided to put her fortunes to the test.

Darton looked at her coldly when she gasped out her reply. "I do not think that it is strange at all," he remarked. "Belinda evidently thinks that I am guilty, and to save Mendle from bringing the police on me, is foolishly sacrificing herself."

"She could not give a greater proof of love," protested Lady Cobbin, and protested reluctantly, since she had no wish to cry up her rival.

Darton shrugged his shoulders and put away the letter. "What is to be done?" he asked despairingly.

"Your character must be cleared."

"In what way?"

"Tell me everything that you know, and I'll help you."

"You are very kind," said Darton in a low tone, and leaning his head on his hand.

"Who would not be kind to you?" she asked softly.

Darton looked up, and his face grew crimson. "I do not understand," he said rashly, and thus brought Lady Cobbin to the point.

"I am a fool," she said abruptly.

"I hope not," said Darton with emphasis, and feeling himself a prig.

"I quite believe that you do," she answered, quite cool and composed, for despair made her master her feelings. It was tickling work playing this fish. "But, after all, I can help you."

"It may not be necessary," said Darton hopefully.

"It is very necessary," said the woman earnestly. "Mendle is very cunning, and he hates you. In one way or another he may accomplish your ruin. I can save you. If I do, will you—will you——" She paused.

Darton rose, feeling the strain of the situation. "We can talk of this another time," he said quickly.

"No; I can't wait. I am a fool, and—and—oh, what must you think of me? But I want to—I want to—oh, Wilfred, will you marry me?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TELEGRAM.

DR. DARTON did not laugh, as Mendle had done, nor did he even look confused. This was creditable, considering the circumstances, for it is rarely that a woman summons up courage to propose. The moment the fatal words were said Lady Cobbin turned violently crimson, and covered her shameful face with her hands. It was painful to see the strong, self-reliant woman reduced to such a condition. But the Doctor, from experience of the sex, was unmoved, and to set her at ease, if possible, he assumed that the offer of marriage which she had just made him was quite an everyday occurrence.

"I am sorry that I cannot, Lady Cobbin," he said in a kind tone, "as all my love has been given for the past two years to Belinda. You would not like me to marry you without love?"

"No," assented Lady Cobbin, without removing her hands. "And I had no right to speak as I have done. What must you think of me?"

"I think that you are a good woman," said Darton promptly.

Milady let her hands drop, and looked at him in astonishment. "Good!" she echoed faintly, "and when I have behaved so selfishly."

"Have you behaved selfishly?"

"I think so. Here am I, an elderly woman, with neither beauty nor wealth nor position, proposing to you."

"And what am I?—a young man who has his way to make in the world. I take your proposal as a compliment; although," added Darton, trying to conceal a smile, "it was somewhat sudden."

"You are neither wicked nor hard; you are my friend, my comrade."

"And extremely foolish," said Lady Cobbin, searching in vain from the expression of his face to learn what he truly thought of her mad act.

"We cannot always be wise," parried the Doctor skilfully.

Lady Cobbin reflected for a moment. "Are you not amazed that a woman such as I am should behave so wrongly?"

"I don't think that you have behaved wrongly. Let us say that your proposal is unusual, since the wooing is usually left to the man."

"But are you not amazed?" she persisted, so angry with herself that she wanted to feel pain. And the man she loved so suddenly, and so ardently—as she believed—could easily inflict pain by cutting speech and cold looks. She received neither.

"I am not so amazed as an ordinary person would be, Lady Cobbin."

"Why?"

"To answer you exhaustively would mean an exposition of my beliefs, Lady Cobbin. But I can answer your question in a way by stating that I am a Theosophist."

"Well!" She was still in the dark as to his meaning.

"I believe in karma," continued Darton, reciting his creed as it were, "and consider that the circumstances of our present life are made by the acts of a previous existence. It may be that we were together in a former life—we may have crossed each others' path—and feelings may have been engendered which brought about your late speech."

"Mutually engendered?" she asked, timidly.

Darton suppressed another smile. "I think not—at least not in the way you mean. But my feelings towards you are capable of being those of a comrade."

"Of a friend, you mean?"

"Comradeship means more than friendship. I should not ask a friend to help me in any strait, as I dislike being under an obligation even to my best friend. But"—he paused to emphasise the words—"I would come to you for help. In fact I come now."

Lady Cobbin smiled faintly and began to feel less ashamed of her outburst, which had been made against her better judgment. But now, thanks to the skilful management of the Doctor, her emotions were well under control, and she was able to look him in the face. "I think that you are a good man," she said fervently.

"I try to be, but I frequently fail," he replied with a sigh. "I can return the compliment more truthfully by saying that you are a good woman. I am certain of that."

"You said that I was a good woman some moments ago," observed Lady Cobbin, finding this man to be somewhat of an enigma. "How do you know? And yet, if you knew what I——" She stopped, biting her lip.

Darton hastened to prevent a painful confession by anticipation. "I say that you are a good woman," he remarked, "because you have not taken advantage of my position. Were you bad, you would only have accepted my refusal with the intention of ruining me because you could not get the moon you cried for."

"But I did make conditions," she urged, resolved to abase herself to the very dust in her humility.

"Very kind ones, Lady Cobbin. You offered to help me if I married you, but you did not threaten ruin if I refused."

Milady bit her lip again. She knew that such a base thought had been in her mind and that Darton guessed as much. But the clever way in which he was saving her pride and acquitting her of bad motives made the position, which she had brought about herself, much easier. It was in her mind to tell how mean she had intended to be, but a glance at the man's kindly face prevented the shame of such a confession. After all, he might not have guessed to what lengths she had been prepared to go to gain his name, and she did not wish to fall lower in his opinion. "We cannot help our feelings," she said, in apology.

"I agree with you," he said quickly. "But now that we understand one another better, shall we be comrades?"

Lady Cobbin placed her hand on her heart and tried to control herself. "But I love you," she remonstrated weakly.

"I know. I feel honoured by your preference. But love, I take it, wishes well to the object it loves."

"I don't call you an object," said Lady Cobbin, trying to laugh.

Wilfred did laugh. "My fatal beauty, I suppose," he said coolly. "Oh, Lady Cobbin, I should have thought you to be a stronger woman than to be influenced by external signs."

"But I have been right in so doing; you *are* good."

"Don't flatter me," he said, still laughing in order to save the very awkward fact that she was trenching on dangerous ground again. "I assure you that I am no better than my neighbours. As to your love, I accept it, if"—he looked at her keenly—"if you will prove that it is more than a word."

"I'll prove it in any way you like."

"Then"—he looked at her again—"help me to marry Belinda."

"Oh!" Lady Cobbin turned pale, and her handkerchief went to her lips. "You set me a hard task."

"The harder the task that is done by love, the truer is that love."

"You are a very terrible man," she said, smiling wanly, "and very drastic in your methods."

"My dear lady, it is best to grasp a nettle strongly. With a weaker woman I should not talk in this way. But you are strong, and can turn a selfish love into something altruistic. I want a friend, as you know, and very badly. Will you be that friend?"

She longed to accept, and yet the tyrannous passion which possessed her, and against her will, forced excuses to her lips. "How can I——" Darton stopped her. "Believe me, I am placing you on a very high level indeed," he said impressively. "Many women can love, but few are capable of true comradeship. I ask for much, but I am certain that your nature is a sufficiently strong one to give me what I ask."

"And that is?"

"True, staunch comradeship, as I have been saying for the last ten minutes. I would not ask another woman, but I ask you. And why? Because I see in you the stuff of which great rulers are made: I see in you a soul which aspires."

"You talk in a very extraordinary manner."

"I do, because I believe differently to most people. However, I think that we have discussed our feelings and the position sufficiently. I am waiting to hear how you can help me to marry Belinda."

"Oh, how can I—how can I?"

"By being worthy of the heart you possess."

"My heart," she cried, pressing her hands against her breast and becoming all the woman, "I am supposed to have none. I married when young, and my husband broke it by cruelty. His family do not recognise my existence. I am poor: I have to engage in a shady business to keep the roof over my head. Ask anyone, and you will be told that I am a wicked woman—a hard woman—a——"

"You are neither wicked nor hard; you are my friend, my comrade," and Darton grasped her hand warmly.

Lady Cobbin was conquered, although her passion still continued unabated But this man had roused her will, had awakened the better part of her nature, and she then and there turned the lower instinct into high aspiration; she purified her love, and it became more noble, more unselfish, more sacrificing. Virtue was its own reward, as usual, and she felt elevated by the victory. Without a word she grasped the kind hand placed within her own, and silently the two completed their bond of friendly union.

After a pause, while the situation adjusted itself, Lady Cobbin spoke in her business-like way. "Will you answer me a question?"

"A dozen if you like," said Darton, as officially.

"Did you meet Arthur Gerson on that night?"

"I had an appointment to do so at half-past eleven, but when I went to the place at that hour he was not there. I waited till twelve and after; then I came home."

"Ah," Lady Cobbin smiled, somewhat wearily. "You said when we last spoke that you were in this room at ten minutes past eleven."

"The instinct of self-protection," said Wilfred coolly; "then I was speaking to an inquiry-agent; now I confess to my friend."

"To your comrade," corrected Milady quickly, and she began to find the bond of help between them very sweet. "But why did Arthur Gerson wish to see you?"

"You have already guessed. He possessed certain papers, which he desired to sell to me at a price too large for my purse. I told you this before."

"Yes," she replied significantly, "but you did not tell me what was contained in the papers."

Darton looked at the carpet. "I have every wish to be frank with you," he said in a low voice, flushing crimson, "and I trust you thoroughly. But I must ask you to let me keep the secret of the papers for a few days. Then you shall know all."

Lady Cobbin proved the strength of her comradeship by not even asking him the reason for this strange retention of evidence. "Certainly, Dr. Darton. You shall tell me when and where you like. But have you the papers now?"

"No. They were in that blue envelope which you described—in the torn envelope which was found in the cab. From that I judge that the assassin must now possess them."

"Do you know of anyone who wanted them?"

"I do not. They were of importance only to me. I cannot believe that the unfortunate boy was murdered for the sake of those papers."

"Yet they were taken out of the envelope," said Lady Cobbin, perplexed.

"I know that, and I cannot explain."

"You will not?"

"I cannot. Believe me, I am telling you everything with the utmost frankness. It is my most ardent desire that the assassin should be found, so that my character may be cleared."

"And when it is cleared?"

"I shall be able to prevent Belinda sacrificing herself in this absurd way to Mendle, who hates me."

Lady Cobbin heaved a sigh on hearing that this would be the termination of her labours to save him; but, loyal to her new bond, she suppressed further signs of emotion. "Of course, if you knew who wanted the papers, that would go a long way towards identifying the assassin."

"I am sure it would. But I do not know of anyone who even knew about the papers, save Arthur Gerson."

"He may have shown them to someone."

"Even then, what they contained would not have made one man murder another for their possession."

"Would the production of the papers, say, to Belinda, have prevented your marriage?"

Darton rose and swayed to and fro on his toes, again flushing. "I have asked myself that question again and again, but without having been able to obtain a plausible answer," he said, with emotion. "I am sorry now that I did not show them to Belinda. Perhaps she would have understood."

"Understood what?"

"Ah, now you want to know my secret," he said, with a forced smile.

"No! no!" she disclaimed hurriedly; "but, of course, my ignorance of what you call your secret places me at a disadvantage in dealing with the case. If Arthur was murdered for those papers, the contents might hint at the assassin."

"Believe me, no. I am acquainted with the contents of the stolen papers, and cannot guess why they were stolen, still less why Arthur should have been murdered for their possession. I don't believe he was," ended Darton firmly.

"Well," said Lady Cobbin, surrendering the point with a smile, "let me ask another question. Where were you to meet Arthur Gerson?"

"In a very strange place," said Darton, looking puzzled; "at the top of Shore Lane, in the City—you know, one of those lanes which lead in a sloping direction to the Thames."

Lady Cobbin started. "And at half-past eleven?"

"Yes. Why do you start?"

"Miss Lane," said Lady Cobbin, wrinkling her brow and putting in her eye-glass to see him the more clearly, "told me that the cab stopped at the top of a lane leading down to the river. It was there that she left the cab. Whether she knew Arthur or not I cannot say. She declares that she took him to be Embers. But it was strange that the cab should stop there before the appointed time."

"I agree with you," said the Doctor promptly, "as strange as that Arthur should appoint such a meeting-place. He could have called on me here to deliver the papers."

"Yes, he could. Were you prepared to buy them?"

"No. He asked two thousand pounds, and I have as many pence. I went to meet him in the hope of getting him to give them up, since they were of no value to him."

"Then why did he steal them?"

"Because he hoped by their aid to stop my marriage with Belinda. They were of value to him so far, but I meant that they were not valuable to him in a pecuniary sense. I intended to point that out to him, in the hope that he would see reason and give them up."

"And you did not see him on that night?"

"I did not, although I waited from half-past eleven until some minutes after twelve. The night was bitterly cold, and so I came home, weary of waiting in the snow."

"Did you see anyone lurking about the meeting-place?"

"No one, save a policeman or two. So as not to attract suspicion, I moved about and walked up and down the lane. It ends in a wharf piled with deal boxes."

"And you were to meet him at the top of Shore Lane?"

"At the entrance from the street. Why he should choose such a meeting-place is beyond my understanding. But I said that before."

Lady Cobbin rose. "It seems to me that we have thrashed out the subject thoroughly, so far as your knowledge goes, save as regards the papers."

"You shall know about them in two days."

She nodded and moved towards the door. "I shall have a look at Shore Lane. It is strange to choose such a place, and it is stranger still that he should have taken Embers' cab."

"Yes. I have always been puzzled by that; and also I cannot understand why the blue envelope should have been waterproof."

"The wharf is at the bottom of the lane."

"What has the wharf to do with the envelope or the cab?"

Lady Cobbin passed her hand perplexedly over her brow. "I am more puzzled than ever," she said wearily. "I must think over matters, and go to Shore Lane. Also I must call upon Mrs. O'Toole, and see if Paddy is home. That boy can explain everything."

"I wish he would," said Darton gloomily as he accompanied her to the outer door. "It would bring Belinda and myself together. Good-day."

Lady Cobbin choked down a sigh and shook hands. "Good-day—comrade."

So it was all over. He would never be her husband. That was terrible to think of, since it condemned her to loneliness. But only loneliness of a kind. She had lost a husband, but she had gained a friend, and no doubt time would enable her to accept the new relationship. At all events she felt a strange joy in working for Darton, even though Belinda was to reap the results of her labours. Lady Cobbin was very philosophic, and having failed to obtain the moon, mastered her desires, or, rather, reduced them to lower aspirations.

On returning to her office she was met by the underfed boy with a telegram. It had come immediately after she departed to seek Dr. Darton. Milady sighed again, as she reflected all that had taken place in the interval, and she opened the telegram wearily. But the signature and the message made her cheeks grow red and her eyes brighten with excitement. It was from Harriet Lane.

"Come to me at once," ran the wire. "I know who is guilty."

(To be continued.)

A GRIM BURIAL CEREMONY DEFEATED BY THE ELEMENTS.

This curious ceremony attended the burial of Henry Van Zuiten, a German who committed suicide in Camden, N.J., leaving explicit directions concerning the disposition of his remains. In accordance with these directions, the body was cremated, and the ashes scattered to the winds from the deck of the ferry-boat "Arctic" in the middle of the Delaware River. The grim part of the affair was that the wind and the water conspired to defeat the arrangement, and the ashes, instead of being scattered as directed, were blown back into the boat. In the photograph the mourners can be seen turning away from the gruesome dust that came blowing back in their faces.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THE skin at this time of year, especially at the seaside, is apt to get a little coarsened and sunburnt, and no doubt many of my readers are worrying about this. A simple yet excellent cosmetic, which will improve the complexion and remove the tan, is made from horseradish. Well wash and scrape some horseradish roots, cut into very thin slices, pour over about half an ounce of horseradish a pint of boiling milk, cover it closely, and allow it to stand until quite cold. Strain and bottle the decoction and keep it for use. Before applying, the face should be washed in soft water and pure soap, then dried thoroughly, and afterwards the skin may be bathed with the horseradish infusion. The process can be repeated every morning and evening. In the heat of the summer, and even in the autumn, some women are subject to a slight eruption on the face. When this is so, it is important to bathe it with warm water only. Cold water may never be used when the face is heated or flushed. After giving the face a gentle bath with warm water and pure soap, every particle of soap should be removed by a thorough rinsing in clear, tepid water.

The Care of the Complexion.

A useful garment for a little girl in view of chilly evenings is a full-length paletot of thin cloth or summer serge. Navy or, for a dark-haired little maid, red serge is smart and becoming, made with two box-pleats set in a short Empire yoke, front and back. The revers, which could be made of cream or white cloth, are put on separately, and must be stiffened with a little canvas. Speaking of red serge, it is very popular for late summer and early autumn wear in seaside and country places. It looks very smart worn by a dainty brunette, made up in the pinafore style of dress, with loose kimono sleeves, revealing a white lawn blouse with trimmings of broderie anglaise. The skirt may be fashioned on useful lines with small, well-fitting yoke from which it hangs in pleats, the pleats stitched down for several inches. A Tuscan straw hat, with clusters of cherries, makes appropriate headgear to wear with this costume.

For Autumn Evenings.

Skirts for early autumn wear are far better if made without a lining. A lining adds both to the cost and the weight of a skirt, and the money saved can be expended on a smart and durable underskirt of moirette or alpaca; or if a silk petticoat is desired, it will be found to wear very well under an unlined skirt of either thick or thin material. A good rule to observe is to wear silk over silk—that is to say, silk-lined dresses require silk petticoats; white sateen or linenette-lined skirts require moreen, moirette, or alpaca petticoats. Any departure from this rule means that a silk lining or a silk petticoat is soon racked out by friction with a heavier material. On the other hand, materials of similar texture have a good chance of long and satisfactory life when worn together. A pretty costume for immediate wear is made in a light-weight woollen material of claret colour, the skirt unlined, and tight-fitting on the hips, with just a little fulness arranged in gathers at the back. The sole trimming on the skirt is a bias fold of material set on to simulate a peplum or over-skirt. A shoulder-cape trimmed with wide ficelle-coloured lace insertion constitutes the other half of this ideal autumn costume. A suggestion to complete a dainty scheme of colouring would be a pale blue blouse in soft silk or satin made with a small square yoke of Valenciennes lace, and wide tucks over the shoulders, while a Tuscan hat might be worn trimmed with pale blue ribbon to match, and dark red roses shading to purple.

Autumn Fashions.

Many housewives at this season are troubled to find fruit-stains on some of the table-linen. One simple method of removing them is to hold the stained part over a basin, and pour boiling water directly through the linen. This is a better method than soaking the article, as it prevents the stain from spreading. Another way is to rub the stains with a little spirits-of-wine or salts-of-lemon, let it stand for a while, and then wash the article in clear water.

To Remove Fruit Stains.

An appetising dish for luncheon or supper is rice rissoles. It is simply made, and is usually appreciated. Take ¼ lb. of rice and put on to boil in a little water; when tender, drain it, make a purée by stewing about half-a-dozen tomatoes and rubbing them through a sieve, add a teaspoonful of any good sauce, salt and pepper, and, if you have it, a teaspoonful of brown stock or gravy. Pile the rice high on a hot dish, pour over the purée, cover with a little grated Parmesan cheese, stand in the oven a few minutes, and serve hot.

A Savoury Dish.

A COSTUME FOR A FINE SEPTEMBER.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

SEPT. 7 to 13.—The present is rather a slow time in the garden, particularly as most things are a week or two behind time, and beyond the usual round of watering; weeding, hoeing, and general tidying up, there does not seem such a great number of tasks demanding attention. Towards the end of the month, when frosts threaten, there will be quite a rush of work, but the amateur may almost rest on his laurels for a few days now, and devote himself to the harvesting of his crops for occupation. In my flower-garden just now I find dahlias call for constant attention, and as they are such thirsty subjects, continual watering is necessary; to get large blooms, disbud regularly and keep shoots pinched out near the ground. I have several carnation layers to be potted off this coming week, and in the kitchen garden my celery will need earthing up further. Then I have the various cuttings—geranium, marguerite, fuschia, and so on—to attend to, and, of course, there are always ripe seeds to be gathered and stored.

My Garden Plans.

Photo. by Sutton.

A HARVEST OF HEARTS AND CORN.

I was reading in the newspapers a few days ago that the college-trained lady-gardener has proved a complete failure. It seems she has imbibed too much of the science and botany of the thing, and too little of the sound practical side, and so her efforts have overshot the mark. Still, I do not for one moment see why the average woman should not make a most excellent gardener of the ordinary amateur stamp, and raise most acceptable blooms, if not, indeed, vegetables. Candidly, I do not think digging can ever be a woman's task, but if she gets her men folk to do the spade work she ought to be able to undertake the rest. A woman's digging instrument for doing such simple toil as should come her way—for loosening the soil, and so on—ought to be a light four-pronged fork; add to this a long-handled trowel, a small watering-can, and a pair of garden-scissors, and her outfit will be complete. No—pardon me, ladies!—I had overlooked the roomy linen apron with its deep pockets. As for the gardener's trademark, stained fingers and dirty nails, let me circulate an old-fashioned remedy. Before going gardening "gouge" in under each nail common yellow soap. Washing afterwards in hot water will easily dissolve this soap, leaving the nails perfectly clean, whilst the fingers may be cleaned by rubbing them with the inside of a lemon.

Gardening for Ladies.

The present is an excellent time to start growing hyacinths in water, and these early bulbs should be in bloom shortly after Christmas. The *modus operandi* is very simple. First get your glasses, plain ones cost about 2½d. each, but fanciful ones run to a shilling and upwards. In selecting bulbs, choose those of medium size, well-rounded and *heavy*. A good bulb may be told, not by its size necessarily, but by its weight and firmness. A pennyworth of charcoal will complete your requirements. To start the bulbs, first fill the glasses, if possible, with rain-water, add a small piece of charcoal, and place the bulb in position. The water should almost, but not quite, touch the base of the bulb. Now place the bulb and glass away in a dark cupboard or cellar, and leave them there for three weeks or a month; in fact, till the roots are three parts of the way down the glass. Replace water that evaporates, if necessary, though you will not need to change the water, as the charcoal will keep it perfectly sweet. At the end of the time mentioned bring your bulbs gradually to the light (*i.e.*, do not take them direct from the dark to autumn sunshine), and when they have become thus inured, stand them where they will get all the light but be free from draughts. All the soot and smoke of our great cities seem to have no effect on the hyacinth, which ought to be grown for window decoration far more than it is.

Hyacinths in Water.

Contrary to popular belief, September is a far more favourable month to plant the majority of spring bulbs than October and November. Hyacinths in the open may certainly be deferred a little, but the under-mentioned bulbs may go in from now onwards. The accepted notion that if one waits a while bulbs are cheaper is true enough—but they are also nastier. The very early bulbs are possibly immature, but those on sale now are undoubtedly the best. Narcissi and daffodils are found to succeed in practically any soil and situation, and need virtually no attention. They are certainly all the better for "naturalisation"—namely, being left in the ground for at least three or four years. They should be planted with a trowel some three inches deep, and it will be worth your while to throw a little sand or ashes into each hole before slipping in the bulb. The roots of bulbs are very soft and brittle in their early stages, and, if they strike against hard soil, are apt to curl up and break off; if they have sand, however, this difficulty is at once removed. Tulips you should grow in set lines or in masses to get the best effect, and the bulbs should go in four inches deep and about the same distance apart. Crocus you should plant as a border edging or in the lawn, or on sloping banks. Put the corms three inches deep, and try to arrange that they shall not be disturbed for three years at least. Snowdrops will succeed in any sunny spot. Spanish Iris, the "Poor Man's Orchid"—a first-class button-hole flower of varied colours—should be planted in clumps of twenty or so bulbs to the clump to look best. Of the lesser-known bulbs—aconites, ranunculi, anemones, and so on—I will write in a later issue, as it is rather early yet for planting.

Bulbs to Plant this Month.

The query often crops up in my *P.I.P.* post-basket, does poultry-farming pay? The answer is, yes—and no! Comfortable fortunes have been piled up in a few years by poultry-farming; large sums in capital have been lost in the same pursuit. The great factors that go to make up success are (1) Low rent and small general expenditure. (2) A good and easily reached market. (3) Knowledge and experience. You cannot expect Jones, who was a waiter, to go down into the country and found a successful farm on an outlay of a ten-pound note. Probably Jones hardly knows the difference between a rooster and a pullet. But let him have six months on a high-class practical poultry-farm that is a paying concern, and *then* start on his own, and he may succeed. More than 2000 millions of foreign eggs are sold in this country every year, to the shame of the home agriculturist, so there can be no doubt about the demand for produce. What are wanted are poultry-farmers who will take up the business seriously, and not as though it were the easiest thing in the world for any greenhorn to manage. Your city man *wants* home-grown produce; it is for the farmer to find some way, by advertisement or otherwise, of reaching such clients, and then his success will be assured.

To Pay, or Not to Pay?

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

W. GROGAN.—Yes, take up your gladiol bulbs without waiting for the grass to wither away. Dry the bulbs, and store in paper bags, where the frost cannot reach them.

"KEBLE."—You ought to get half-a-dozen good rose-trees for five shillings, carriage paid. I will forward you the name of a good nurseryman for the purpose if you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

HENRY T. JAMES.—My own experience has been that spring-planted delphiniums do best. Some I planted last autumn perished during the cold, damp weather, but others, planted in April, flowered well. Gardening handbooks probably advise autumn planting, but it would only be successful in specially light, well-drained soil, and in sheltered spots.

H. STAINFORTH (Kirkstall).—The bulbs you mean are probably the Roman hyacinth. They are smaller than the others, and are specially suited to forcing. Mostly white; you can, however, obtain blue Romans. Average price about eighteenpence a dozen, or eight shillings a hundred.

K. JENKINS (Bath).—One cock bird would be quite sufficient for the half-dozen hens. Yes, the hens would certainly lay without the presence of a male bird, but the eggs would not be fertile and of no use for sitting.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally, at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

My dear Friends and Readers—

Have you noticed what a lot of weather we have been having? Of course, I am quite aware that something of the kind is usual, but there are limits. For instance, I have a Panama hat, guaranteed only used on one occasion (it then rained and hailed) going at a sacrifice. I am quite aware that it was foolish of me to buy it, but I do not regret it. What would the world be without fools?

A friend of mine met me the other day and told me that summer was nearly over. I believed him, agreed with him without a pang of regret, and we passed on through the mud. Until this friend reminded me, I had forgotten that summer was passing, but now that it is gone there is no tear in my eye save the one that fifteen patent cold-cures and a mustard-plaster have failed to entirely wipe away. The fact is I was not aware that there had been any summer. True, I know people who assure me that they had beautiful weather for their holidays. At such times I think of George Washington—the young American gentleman who made a name for himself in the fruit-tree industry—and sigh. River-going people (not Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "flannelled fools") tell me how fine it has been up the river. I have been up the river once this season; then it rained. I admit that this may have been an exception, but what has that to do with me? So far as I am concerned the river season was condensed into one day. It rained—therefore it has been a bad season.

There is only one thing to be said in favour of our summer; it is a creator of optimists. With sublime faith, with a confidence worthy of a better cause, I have, time after time, seen cheery-faced bands of picnickers go out into the fields or woods where they have decided to metaphorically pitch their tents. Once I went with them; often I have stood at my window and inwardly wept for them. I always succeed in keeping my tears back, knowing that there will later be plenty of water about.

On the occasion when I did venture to a picnic it was a really beautiful day. Overhead there was a brilliant sun, in the solitary tree in our front garden a bird chirped monotonously. I laughed joyously as I pulled on the flannel trousers that I had bought specially for the occasion, and told myself that it was only fools who troubled about the serious things of life. Life? What was there better than a picnic? And the bird in the tree, hopefully preening his rather shabby feathers, chirped that I was right.

It undoubtedly was a glorious day, and there was not a cloud in the sky. At least, I did not notice one until an anæmic-looking member of our party, wearing a Dr. Nonsuch suit, pointed one out to me. I laughed scornfully, for the cloud was a ridiculous little affair, which would not have forced itself on our notice if its parents had really brought it up properly. I ignored that cloud, meaning to keep it in its place—and failed.

"I think the cloud is spreading," the anæmic gentleman said, and I knew that his dejected look had a feeling of triumph.

It was growing. All one side of the sky (a nautical gentleman in the party described it as nor'-east) had turned dark and threatening. Then, before I could speak, a clap of thunder heralded the opening of the storm. A girl clung frantically to me for protection. No! I was not pleased. It was the wrong girl.

It was because of these things that I believe that summer has gone out of business, and that soon we shall have eternal winter. Does that mean that the Clerk of the Weather is standing in with the coal merchants. I have my grave suspicions, and if they prove to be correct I shall show to him, by example, that so far as I am concerned he hasn't done himself a ha'porth of good. I'll just shiver, and he'll have to turn on decent weather so as to get rid of the surplus of his stock at "lowest summer prices."

As if to show that my suspicions are perfectly groundless, the Clerk of the Weather has switched-on a fine day. From somewhere at the back of his brain he has routed out a memory of the summers that our grandfathers talk about, and has given us a very fair imitation of it. I should not be surprised if we have fine weather all the afternoon. There is not a sign of a cloud—oh, hang!—look over the tops of the houses—there, to the right.

This evening it will rain.

YOUR EDITOR.

WE ARE HAVING LOTS OF WEATHER.

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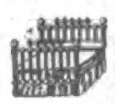

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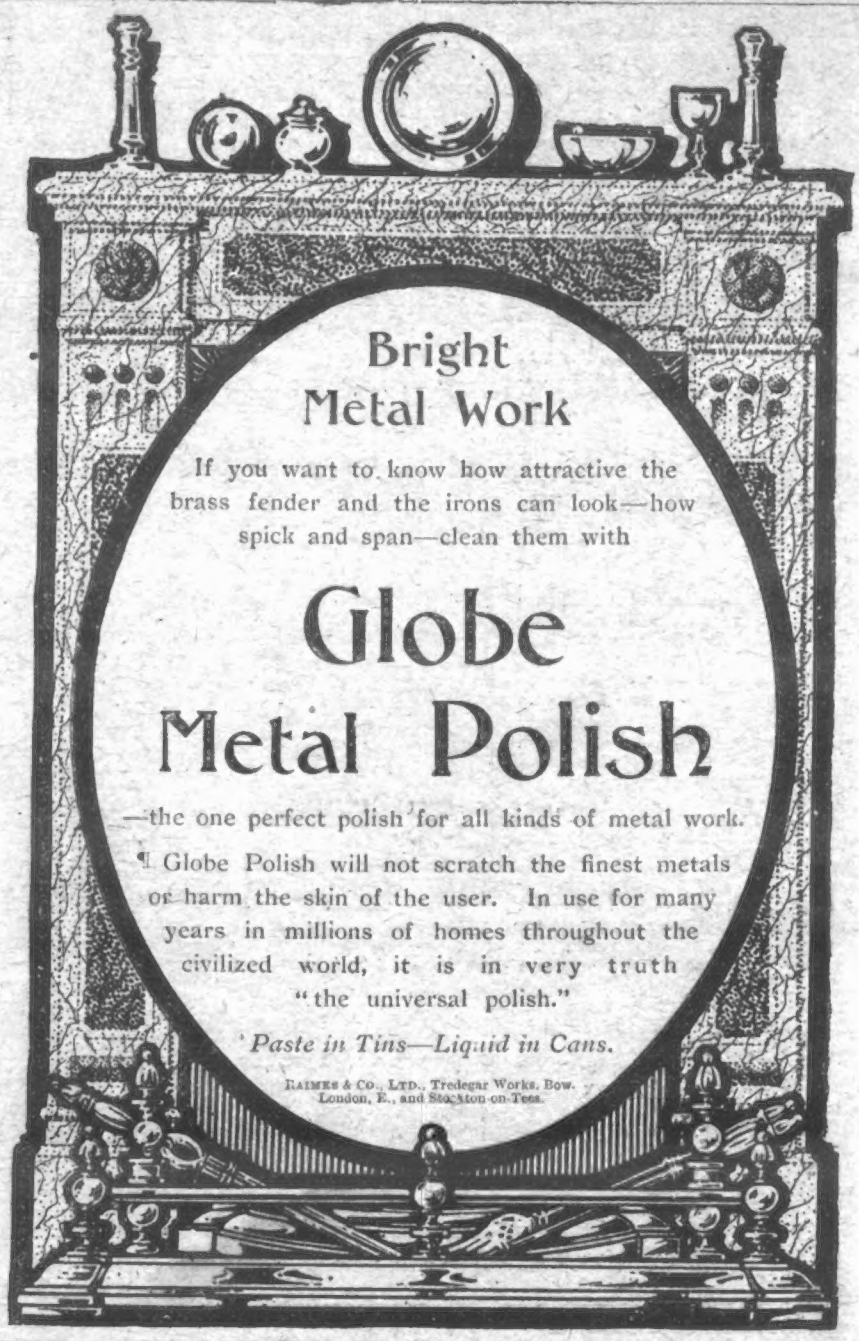

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